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The Literary Digest

FOR JANUARY 2, 1937

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Mail

Killer Whales

Sir:—I read with much interest your article on whales in the December 5 issue of THE LITERARY DIGEST. Can you describe the manner in which a "killer whale" forces open the mouth of the large whale and bites out chunks of tongue?

Galveston, Texas PETER COSELLI.

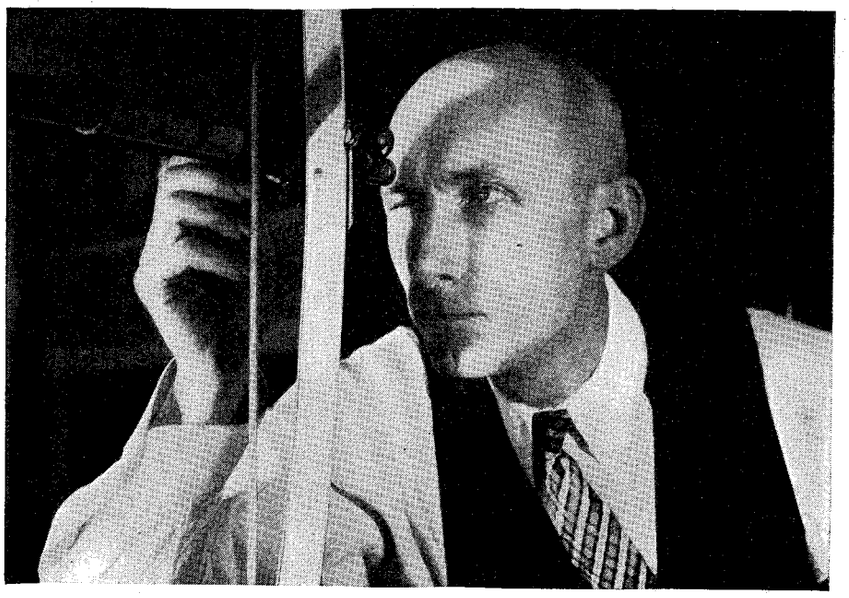
The so-called "killer whale"—not a whale at all, but a member of the dolphin family—attacks his larger victim at the mouth because of the tougher skin which covers the rest of a whale's body. With exceptionally strong teeth, the "killer whale" chews through the whale's lips. As the whale's tongue is the most readily accessible red meat, the "killer whale" makes his meal of it.—*Editor.*

Divorce Cases

Sir:—Under the heading, "English Courts," a gentleman signing himself in your "Mail" column, "J. E. Bennett, Britisher," comments adversely on the action of Justice Hawkes of the Court where the Simpson *vs.* Simpson divorce case was heard. Mr. Bennett refers to Justice Hawkes as "the judge who willingly allows himself to be influenced by those in high places."

To this I must take exception. Hundreds of thousands (Isn't that figure, even in America, a bit high?—Editor) of collusive divorce cases

(Continued on page 39)



By As Little As 3/100,000 Inch

A MEASUREMENT that is finer than the one-hundredth part of a human hair. This man measures the expansion, by heating, of a piece of metal. If this expansion deviates by as little as 3/100,000 inch from the expansion of the material it is to match, only failure can result. Such precise measurements made possible the new all-metal radio tube.

Measurements of equal precision, in General Electric laboratories, are fundamental to the further development of quality in design and manufacture of all General Electric products. Careful measurements made possible the hermetically sealed G-E refrigerator, with its lifetime dependability and its low-cost operation. Precise measurements, by G-E scientists, of electric currents in vacuum tubes have led the way to present high standards of radio reception.

These are but a few examples of the contributions of scientific research and engineering in General Electric laboratories in Schenectady—contributions which have stimulated new industries, increased employment, and provided greater comforts of living.

G-E research has saved the public from ten to one hundred dollars for every dollar it has earned for General Electric

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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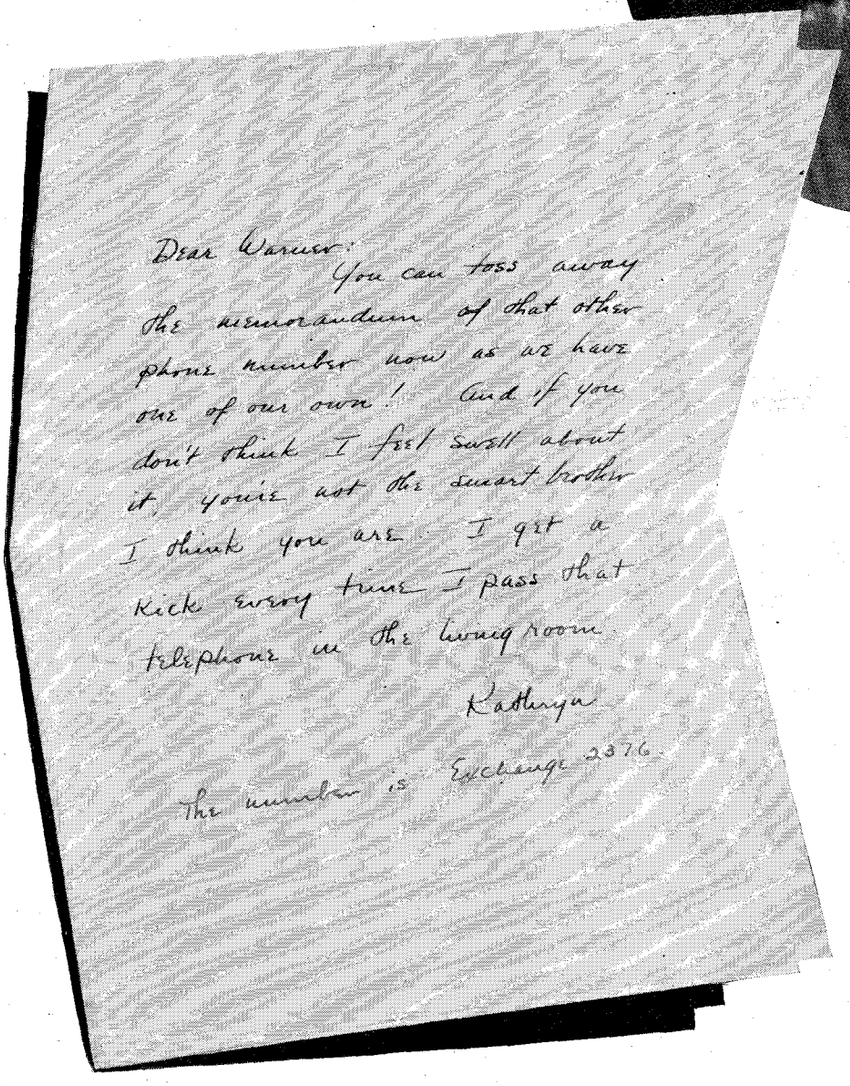
A Happy New Year for Kathryn


Dear Warner:
You can toss away the memorandum of that other phone number now as we have one of our own! And if you don't think I feel swell about it, you're not the smart brother I think you are. I get a kick every time I pass that telephone in the living room.
Kathryn
The number is Exchange 2376.

THAT'S a real letter—written by a real Kathryn—to her brother. You can read her happiness in every line. She's mighty glad to have the telephone back.

And so are a great many other men and women these days. About 850,000 new telephones have been installed in the past year.

That means more than just having a telephone within reach. It means keeping the family circle unbroken—contacts with people—gaiety, solace, friendship. It means greater comfort, security; quick aid in emergency.

Whether it be the grand house on the hill or the cottage in the valley, there's more happiness for everybody when there's a telephone in the home.

The Bell System employs more men and women than any other business organization in the United States. The total is now close to 300,000. Good business for the telephone company is a sign of good business throughout the country.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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The Literary Digest

NEW YORK JANUARY 2, 1937

1938

Topics of the day

NEW CONGRESS "MIGHTS" AND "MUSTS"

Fledgling and Veteran Legislators Await White House Cue

At 12 noon Tuesday, Doorkeeper Joseph J. Sinnott will lean his lanky frame against the Circassian walnut portals of the House of Representatives, swing them wide to admit 435 Congressmen, some 18,000 new bills, 100,001 headaches, and fifty-six ghosts.

The fifty-six ghosts are the fifty-five framers of the Constitution and Architect T. U. Walter, who designed the iron dome and the House and Senate wings of the Capitol. A mixture of curiosity and incredulity may lure them. For if it is true that the Constitution Fathers never so much as dreamed of such things as NRA and Old-Age Benefits, it will be obvious to members of the Seventy-fifth Congress that Architect Walter, who had planned the seating in both Houses for two fairly equal party groups, had not foreseen a landslide which would force freshman Democrats to rub elbows with the enemy on the wrong side of the center aisle.

To the American public, whether Congressmen sat right or left mattered less than the prospects of their voting Right or Left. But functionaries of the Senate, where the seating problem was most acute, solved the problem neatly:

Seats—Unable to squeeze sixty-three old, twelve new Democrats into the customary left side of the chamber, they drafted twelve first-year men to sit with the sixteen Republicans,* one Farmer-Laborite, one Independent and one Progressive on the Right.

Congressional freshmen are rare this term anyway. Of 435 Representatives, 340 saw service in the 1935 and 1936 sessions. And of thirty-six Senate seats fought over on November 3, only fifteen went to greenhorns—and four of these had had experience in the House.

To political dopesters it was evident from these two factors that legislative sparks will fly thicker and faster in the next six months than they have since the first six months of Franklin D. Roosevelt's Administration. Every third Senator and Congressman had sailed into office on the President's coat-tails. Every third Senator and Congressman would be more than willing, therefore, to do the President's bidding.

But what will be his bidding? Since Election day, Washington correspondents have been stabbing in the dark at "might" and "must" legislation. They could indicate last week only the general framework of new laws.

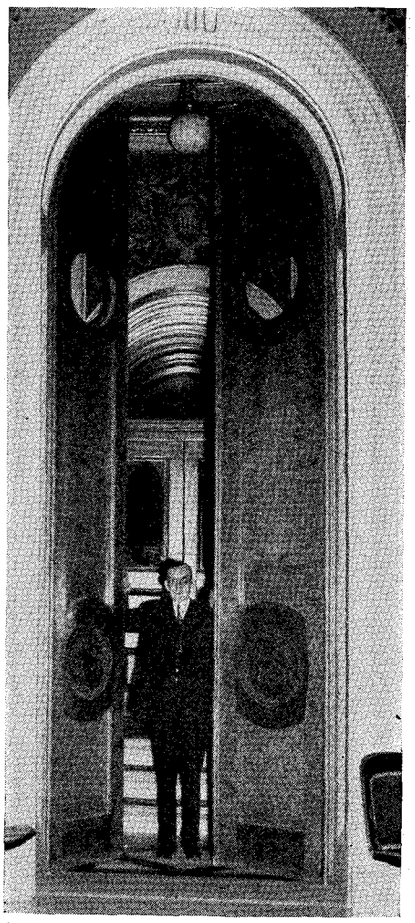
Musts—Under "must" they placed:

1. A new neutrality bill to replace the present law expiring on May 1.
2. A deficiency bill appropriating some $500,000,000 to keep the embattled WPA on its feet at least until June 30.
3. Wage and hour legislation of some kind—perhaps a new NRA without the code provisions.
4. A law setting up a permanent Civilian Conservation Corps.

Mights—"Might" legislation included:

1. A law regulating farm tenancy.
2. Amendment of the Social Security Act to bring farmers and domestic servants under its provisions.
3. Revision of the undistributed profits tax passed in the last session of Congress.
4. Extension of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, scheduled to fold up February 1.
5. Changes in the Soil Conservation Act that will bring it closer to the old AAA in form.

Leaders—No one doubted that the Seventy-fifth Congress would produce its share of fireworks. A fortnight ago, M.C.'s from below the Mason and Dixon Line were leaping at the throats of their colleagues from the Northern industrial centers over the question of who should lead the army of Democrats in the House. The popular and dignified William B. Bankhead, present Majority Leader, will step into the Speakership as soon as House Democrats assemble for their first caucus, thus following the traditional rule of succession.



Acme

Col. J. J. Sinnott once more opens the door of the House Chamber

Two seasoned political veterans are sprinting for the seat he will vacate.

No. 1 is Sam Rayburn of Bonham, Texas. Two weeks ago, the big Pennsylvania bloc, prodded by the State's smart political boss, Joseph F. Guffey, threw its support behind him and helped to line up 182 Rayburn votes—fourteen more than the required majority.

No. 2 is John J. O'Connor, New York City Tammanyite and Chairman of the powerful Rules Committee. He and his supporters argue that since six Texans already hold the meatiest committee chairmanships in the House, and since the Southern and border States hold a total of forty-four out of a possible eighty chairmanships in the House and Senate, the Democratic Leadership should go to him.

Jealousies—Washington asked itself if this sectional split was a forecast of deeper and wider rifts, of a possible breakdown of the lopsided majority into squabbling, jealous blocs. The new Congress will not want for leaders to create such a condition. When Doorkeeper Sinnott swings back the portals next week, hardened veterans and timorous freshmen, machine politicians and earnest individualists, will stream into the chamber side by side.

Man & Boy—Dean of the House will be the seventy-year-old Czechoslovakian immigrant, Adolph J. Sabath, who, because he plays along with the "boys" who run things in his home district in Illinois, can be a life-tenure M.C. if he so chooses. A Democrat, he dresses nattily, seldom enters debate, and spends most of his time pushing legislation for immigrants. One morning eight years ago, he decided to take up golf and arrived at his office with a set of brand-new clubs. They have been collecting dust in a corner ever since.

By producing snorting liberals like Vito Marcantonio of New York and Maury Maverick of Texas, the last House upset the tradition which holds that all M.C.'s are nice. Friends of Lyle Hagler Boren, who bowled over the cowboy Congressman, Percy L. Gassaway, last November, are confident that he will do still more upsetting. Twenty-seven years old (two years above the Constitutional minimum age), he has the cramping title of House Baby.

During his election campaign, he averaged six speeches a day, asked his listeners if they wanted a "clown or a Congressman" to represent them, and even had ministers preaching "Boren for Congress" sermons. Unmarried, he declares that "it is not part of my scheme of life to remain a bachelor."

Perennial—On the Senate side of the Capitol there will be one dean, but a number of

*Death of Sen. Peter Norbeck of South Dakota last week reduced original seventeen.

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Acme

Senator Borah, served longest term in Senate . . . Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., freshman Senator

babies. Beginning his sixth term, William E. Borah, a Republican who throughout his campaign last summer avoided all mention of the Republican ticket, is easily the oldest member in service.

Of the fifteen newcomers, the most publicized has been thirty-four-year-old Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., grandson of the famed Massachusetts statesman. Because he was victorious in a rough and tumble fight with Gov. James Curley, the most astute politician in the Bay State; because he kept his head above a Democratic flood in which more experienced and better known Republican campaigners foundered, and because his name is Lodge, reporters in the Senate press gallery will mark him from the moment he takes his seat.

Bills—The hopper of the Seventy-fifth Congress will receive between 15,000 and 18,000 bills and resolutions, 2,000 of which probably will be passed. The last Congress manufactured 18,000 bills, but when the session was over, fewer than half of this number had been transformed into laws.

Tradition, rather than law, however, ordained that two small delicately-colored lacquered containers be filled near the swinging doors to the Senate chamber. These are snuff-containers—not WPA creations.

"You'd be surprized," said Leslie L. Biddle, government supervisor of snuff, "how many Senators dip into them, especially on rainy days." He further averred that the receptacles had four or five regular clients, required two ounces a week of refilling ordinarily.

The wise freshman arrives in the Capital a good three weeks before the opening of Congress, hails one of the city's pint-sized taxis and heads for a hotel where he can sit down and think about the problem of finding a home. It is a real problem. So high are rents—a two-room suite in the populous Northwest district costs $65 to $90 a month—and so scarce are moderate-priced homes that Congressman Alfred E. Beiter of New York announced last month that he would introduce a measure calling for the construction of a $3,000,000 apartment-house on Capitol Hill large enough to accommodiate all 531 Senators and Representatives.

Mail—When he has solved his housing problem and has established himself and his secretary in the House Office Building, the freshman can begin work on his mail. An average of 150 letters will be waiting for him every morning—most of them asking for jobs or giving voting instructions.

By the time Congress opens, he has organized his office routine, has been told by his efficient secretary (usually an ex-newspaper man with plenty of Washington background) which committees he should try to get on, and has learned that he can get home for 30 cents in a cab, or 10 cents on the street-car. He has impressed himself on the House doorkeepers and can get by without going into involved explanations. He has learned that those bells clanging all over the House wing have a definite meaning—one ring for a teller vote, two rings a yea and nay roll-call vote, five rings recess.

In addition, he has probably memorized the five-page pamphlet issued biennially by the Clerk of the House, advising him (1) that Congress meets January 5, (2) that his salary of $10,000 will be paid in monthly instalments, (3) that he is allowed $125 a year for stationery, (4) that he can get sixty-eight free copies of the *Congressional Record*—in which his speeches will be reprinted regardless of whether they are ever delivered from the floor, (5) that "it is unlawful to remove any furnishings, including typewriters," from the office which the Government has assigned him.

But not until two or three months after the crack of the opening gavel will he have learned the most important lesson: that the most successful fledgling Congressman is the one who can keep his eyes and ears wide open, and, for three or four months (perhaps the entire first session), stifle his natural impulse to orate.

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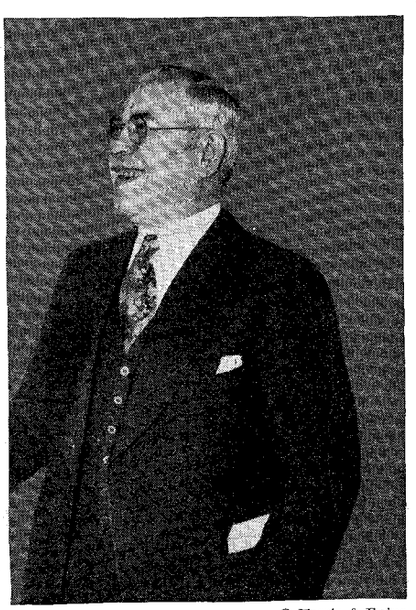

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Lyle Boren, boy Congressman, with his mother . . . Adolph J. Sabath, Father of the House

BRISBANE DIES: Columnist Read by Millions Was Highest-Salaried Newspaper Man

Obit:

On Christmas day at 5:35 A.M., the daily mental *Santa Claus* of readers in 200 newspapers ceased to speculate about the trials, troubles and tribulations of time up to 1936 A.D.

Arthur Brisbane, seventy-two, died.

His column "Today"—a daily reflection on life—died with him, as did his weekly notes, "This Week," printed in some 1,200 newspapers.

Editor, historian, philosopher, columnist—"defender of the yellow press"—Brisbane was known, liked, hated, praised, scorned by millions.

Along with Dana, Greeley, Pulitzer and Bennett, he is expected to join journalistic immortals. If for no other reason, because he was the highest-salaried writer the business ever knew—at $260,000 a year.

Obituary editorials insinuated Brisbane was paradoxical. Probably he would have liked that.

Final paragraph of his last column was supplied by his son, Seward. Associates said it was the first time any one had ever ghosted for Arthur Brisbane.

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ROOSEVELT'S GUARD: Qualters Succeeds Gennerich, Working Under Starling

The only man in the world who can order the President of the United States around began giving instructions last week to the new "cub" of the Secret Service, blue-eyed Thomas E. Qualters, husky, curly-thatched ex-footballer, assigned as personal body-guard to the President.

What Qualters's duties will be—aside from attending Mr. Roosevelt in public—remains a mystery. For Qualters's boss, and the President's, thinks that all details of how the Secret Service protects the Executive and his family should be shrouded. The "boss" is Col. E. W. Starling, chief of the White House detail, a tall, gaunt, sombreroed Kentuckian who took over the job of "steering" Mr. Roosevelt in 1933, has helped guard Presidents since 1913.

Starling joined the unit a dozen years after it was formed. Not until 1901 was it decided to assign Secret Service men to the President. Lincoln had been mortally wounded at a theater, Garfield in Washington's railroad station, but no special precautions were taken to protect the Executive until Leon Czolgosz shot President McKinley at the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo on September 6, 1901.

Protector—Since then every President has been closely shadowed by alert men, in the background, but ever ready for quick action. For twenty years Colonel Starling was one of them. To-day his most arduous job is planning arrangements to protect Mr. Roosevelt on his many trips.

Advance man for the Presidential party, he has to make sure that everything will run exactly on schedule, trips, meetings, meals, appointments. He has cut or eliminated speeches of local orators, ordered streets or buildings repaired, told chefs what they could not serve, given orders to police, hotel managers, railroad engineers.

Most recent big job for Colonel Starling was on the President's South American trip. It was during that trip that Qualters's predecessor as Presidential body-guard, Gus Gennerich, died in Buenos Aires.

Qualters became No. 2 at the suggestion of the President's son, James. A former Notre Dame football man, thirty-two, unmarried, he was serving as a Massachusetts State Trooper.

T Men—Unlike other members of the Secret Service—T men, as the Treasury Department's agents are sometimes called to distinguish them from the Department of Justice's G men—Qualters was inducted by Presidential order. Ordinarily, the Secret Service applicant must meet Civil Service requirements by being graduated from a law school or serving two years in investigational work.

Pay to start is $2,600 a year; each man gets twenty-six days' vacation a year—if work permits. There are about 300 men in the field, working out of fifteen supervisory offices and twenty-four suboffices. Their average age is thirty-eight to forty. Their big job is chasing counterfeiters. In 1935, they arrested 3,657 persons, seized counterfeit notes totaling $1,418,464.

This week, the Secret Service lost its veteran chief, William H. Moran, who retired on December 31 after serving in the unit fifty-four years, heading it since 1918.

Wide World

Colonel Starling, the only man in the world who can order the President around

Who will get his job stirred speculation in Washington. The choice seemed to lie between two men, friends, who work at a single huge desk.

One is Joseph Murphy, Assistant Chief, a florid man of fifty-eight who has been thirty-eight years in the service. The other is Frank J. Wilson, stocky acting Assistant Chief, who joined the service in 1920. Friends call Wilson *Sherlock Holmes* because he uses a magnifying glass.

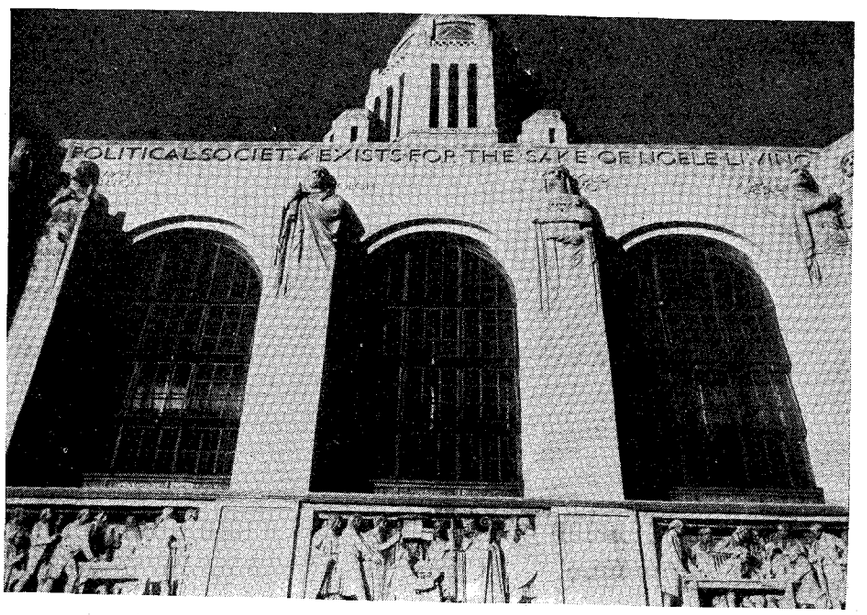
ONE HOUSE: Unicameral Legislature in Nebraska's Sky-scraper Capitol Monument to Norris

One-house legislatures are as old as the *agora* of ancient Greece. Free Anglo-Saxons gave their *witenagemot* power to choose and depose their kings.

One man, Senator George W. Norris, is putting America's first unicameral Legislature in Nebraska's towering sky-scraper Capitol at Lincoln on January 5. That day is more important to "Uncle George" than anything happening at Washington, for it sees the granting of his "last request" by Cornhusker State voters who have sent him to the House of Representatives and Senate for five terms in each chamber of Congress.

Single-handed, "Uncle George" persuaded Nebraska to adopt a one-house legislative chamber, making its lawmakers "the only spokesmen of the people." To get his proposition on the ballot for the November, 1934, election, the sad-eyed elder statesman had to get initiative petitions with names of 69,000 voters. He dug into his own pocket to pay expenses of circulating petitions.

Rush to Sign—Somewhat to his surprize, 100,000 signatures were affixed within a few days. His amendment providing for one House of not fewer than thirty nor more than fifty members received 50,000 majority at the polls. Last year, 100 Nebraska State Representatives and thirty-three



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Façade of Nebraska's sky-scraper Capitol which will house the legislators

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State Senators legislated themselves into political limbo.

To Norris, the Nebraska unicameral Legislature is an even greater political monument than the "Lame Duck" Amendment which he helped push through Congress, setting Presidential inauguration and Congressional session in early January instead of March.

The benefits of a one-house legislature he explains thus:

"The outstanding evil of the bicameral system is that it enables politicians to escape responsibility for their official acts. The bicameral system was established on the theory that one body would act as a check and a balance upon the other.

"As it now works, each house is able to pass the buck to the other, while a conference committee, acting behind closed doors, without a stenographer and without any record being made of their votes, really does the dirty work . . . the most important decisions often are made by five or six men not elected for that particular purpose and whose names usually go unnoticed by the public."

Fixed Pay—Nebraska's new laws will be made by forty-three legislators. There is a lump sum of $37,500 appropriated annually to pay the lawmakers. They meet every two years, unless called by the Governor or themselves to special sessions. However frequently they assemble, they draw only $872.90 a year. If the size of the House should be increased to the maximum fifty, they would draw only $750 a year.

The new unicameral legislators were elected on non-partizan ballots. They have the power to be entirely outside the influence of the Governor, elected as a party member. His platform is only remotely and inferentially binding upon legislators, each selected on his own platform.

Thirty-two of the forty-three members have had legislative experience. Despite a Democratic landslide in Nebraska, only twenty-two are Democrats. Yet, their twenty-two votes may pass bills or summon the Governor to impeachment proceedings. Twenty-six votes override a veto.

Emergency legislation is passed with twenty-nine votes and unruly members may be expelled or State officials impeached by the same total. Twenty-six votes suffice to kick reporters out of the press-gallery.

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Senator Norris, Nebraska's owl, launched world's most powerful legislative body

Interest—New York and New Jersey have commissions authorized by legislative action to study the plan Senator Norris has advocated in their States and Ohio, Arkansas and Kentucky.

In twenty-three States, resolutions for constitutional amendments adopting the one-house plan have been introduced in at least one legislative chamber. These resolutions have met with little success, but this isn't surprizing, for legislators have no keen desire to vote themselves out of existence. Members of Nebraska's old House and Senate opposed change, but they had to accept it when the voters adopted an initiated proposal.

Even Nebraskans who doubt the success of their experiment are pleased with the notice their State is attracting as a "testing-laboratory." They are somewhat proud that they have ended House-to-Senate buck-passing. However it ends, they feel that forty-seven other States will be watching their sky-scraper Capitol next Tuesday.

DIPLOMAT DAVIES: Authority on International Trade Sailing as New Envoy to Russia

"We've got a job to do and we're going to do it!"

Preparing tentatively to sail January 6 on the Hamburg-North German Lloyd liner *Europa*, Joseph Edward Davies, sixty, newly-appointed American Ambassador to Soviet Russia, wound up his thumbing of reports of William Bullitt, his predecessor. "There are flashes of genius in his writing," he enthused.

Considered a "bright young man" during the Wilson Administration, Davies is happy over his new association with President Roosevelt, a warm personal friend. The President and "my old side-kick Joe" used to play golf together twice a week twenty-three years ago.

Long an active Democrat, Davies was offered the Ambassadorship to Russia and Italy, as well as the Governorship of the Philippines, under Wilson.

Wall Street and Washington both approved the recent appointment to Moscow. Diplomats consider Davies particularly well equipped to deal with the foreign relationships of the United States in any nation. He is a recognized international authority on trade practises, trusts and corporations, taxes, international law and foreign trade. He made an exhaustive study of foreign trade theory and practise for Wilson in the drafting of the Webb-Pomerene Act in 1918. At various times he has served as counsel for the United States, Mexico, Holland, Greece, Peru and the Dominican Republic.

Notwithstanding, after the 1932 Presidential campaign, Davies received an autographed picture from Louis McHenry Howe, Secretary to President Roosevelt, "with tears of gratitude." Reason: Davies was "the one man who doesn't want a job."

Diplomatic—Now that he's got one, however, he is enthusiastic about it. Steeped in diplomacy from having handled it from "both sides" in the past, Davies expects to use it in the problem of the U. S. attitude in the event of a world war in Europe and Asia, assuming Russia's position to be strategic in either case.

Long experience in "Yankee trading," international law and finance, Davies hopes, will be useful in straightening out the Russo-American trade agreement, heretofore disappointing in its execution. Likewise he expects to revive the ever-recurrent question of Russia's debt.

Speaking French fluently, he does not expect his ignorance of the Russian tongue to be a disadvantage. Once he pleaded a case in French for the United States Government against Egypt in Vienna.

Not a back-slapper, but disposed to a quick smile and merry grin, Davies wants to make a good impression in Moscow. Liberal but not "red," the steel-gray-haired, partly bald Wisconsin man is regarded as an ideal mixture of practical American business man, urbane diplomat, man of the world. An easy conversationalist with nice wit and appreciation of humor, he is believed by Washington to be an ideal "talking mate" for Foreign Commissar Litvinoff.

Baggage—While perfunctory notes were being exchanged to have him accepted as *persona grata* in the Soviet, Davies had books and furniture sent to the American Embassy in Moscow. Remembering the 1934 arrival of Bullitt in Moscow, a *mélange* of confusion and misplaced furniture, the new Ambassador made sure the American Embassy was furnished completely from topmost garret to deepest cellar.

The mansion on Spasso Peskovska Square was built by a sugar magnate during the war, is looked on as one of the handsomest buildings in Moscow. The original builder never lived in it, was shot on the steps during the first days of the Revolution, just as it was being completed.

At reports that he planned to live most extravagantly, Davies laughed. He added that he and Mrs. Davies had sent over some bathtubs, plumbing appliances and appurtenances merely to modernize the present equipment. They are adding one bathroom by converting a connecting closet between two rooms.

The Davieses expect to live simply, are tired of purely social activities. They are

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The President's "old side-kick Joe" with Mrs. Davies

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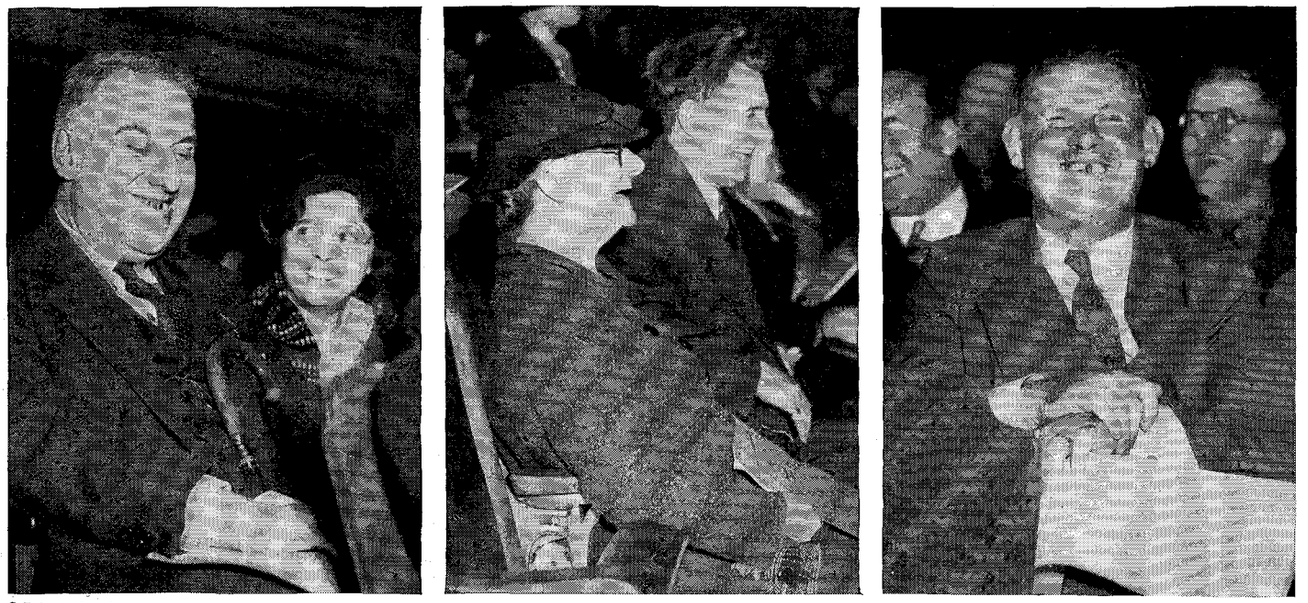

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Study in laugh response . . . blind audience reacting to "Three Men on a Horse" proves that a stage comedy need not be seen to be enjoyed

taking five of their American servants, continuing the staff of twenty-six Russians.

Food Tests—Mrs. Marjorie Post Davies will carry on extensive experimentation in frozen foods for General Foods, of which she is a member of the Board of Directors. That, and not doubt of Russia's ability to feed them, accounts for the twenty-five black refrigeration cases, six feet long, two and a half feet wide and thirty-two inches deep which the Davieses shipped to Moscow. Each holds about 300 pounds of food, cost $300. Into them will go every food on the Birdseye list, many not yet marketed. These include fruits, poultry, meats, vegetables and sea foods.

Particularly interesting to Russians in New York is the inclusion of frozen oysters. "We know nothing about oysters in Russia," said an Amtorg firm member.

Close friends in Washington wonder how the precise Ambassador is going to do without his Hotel Shoreham matches to light his cigarettes. They expect, however, that his thoughtful wife will remember to pack enough to last "the two or three years" they plan to be away from this country.

CHEER FOR BLIND: Specially Played Drama and Talking-Books Lighten Gloom

"Oiwin, I'm disappointed in you!"

Nine hundred and seventy-three persons chortled, yet 610 members of the audience could not see the barroom predicament of *Erwin Trowbridge*, leading character in the play "Three Men on a Horse."

Occasion was a special matinée given for the blind at New York's Fulton Theater.

This custom, created more than fifteen years ago by Walter G. Holmes, was halted during the depression. Now, further performances are being arranged so that the sightless may attend various productions in different cities. The WPA Federal Theater has been instrumental in reviving the idea, sending companies to institutions.

Most popular recreation of the blind, however, is now their "talking-books."

The Government is turning out 10,000 machines, 5,000 of which are already in use. For these it is also spending $75,000 for records, available for organizations of the blind. The records are long-talking: 8,000 words on both sides, the average novel requiring ten records. The listener can absorb 220 words a minute as the disks turn at thirty-three and a half revolutions a minute, as compared with the regular phonograph speed of seventy-eight.

On braille reading matter, $100,000 is spent annually, free postage being contributed by the Government.

Most remarkable achievement in recreations for the blind has been the success of the bowlers. A team from The Lighthouse, New York, recently came within 130 points of defeating a collection of crack players.

MAIL-WOMAN: Mrs. Harvey, South Dakota's Ace Carrier, Covers 63-Mile Route

"The Mail Must Go Through!"

Toting millions of greetings and presents, 33,825 rural mail carriers were glad when the holidays were over. Of this number more than 600 were women, but only 309 were "reg'lars."

Bumping over often uncertain South Dakota roads to stock, dairy, poultry and grain farms went Mrs. Myrtle L. Harvey, sixty, colorful postal deliverer of Clark (population 1,290). Her route is sixty-three miles, and she has been the State's ace carrier since October 15, 1906.

Appointment—Born on a farm in Martin County, Minnesota, Mrs. Harvey came to Clark thirty-five years ago. Her husband, William, carried the mail for eleven years; she was his "sub." Then he decided to branch out, become a salesman.

Mrs. Harvey is the mother of eight children. The five youngest as babies were carried with her on the job. When each was born she got a fortnight's vacation, and then was back on the road with the new addition tucked in the front of the wagon in a clothes basket.

Described as "handsome and physically vigorous," Mrs. Harvey is five feet, four inches tall, weighs 117 pounds.

Buggy Route—When she first took the post, her then thirty-mile route was covered behind a gray mare in a buggy.

Describing the job at that time, she says: "It took a whole day to make the trip, with a short stop at noon to change horses and have a bite of lunch."

In 1914 she purchased her first car, has used ten others since. In all, she has covered 325,000 miles, never had an accident.

Except during the rush holiday season, she travels alone.

Never Ill—Mrs. Harvey is proud of never having been frost-bitten or ill.

In three years she will be eligible for retirement on full pension, approximately $100 monthly.

Pay—Now she draws an annual salary of $2,400 plus 5 cents a mile per day for equipment maintenance. Her earnings have been used for the education of the children, all but two of whom have been sent through college.

Mrs. Harvey maintains her most thrilling adventure was on one occasion when her rig became buried in a snow-drift.

She says she had to climb through the back window of the hack, dig the horse out. Finally she unhooked the tugs, rode the horse to the nearest farm. There she borrowed a team hitched to a hay-rack on runners, returned to her abandoned buggy, rescued the mail and delivered it.

HAPPY FARMERS: Year's Income Up a Billion, Buying Power Better Than in '29

Harvey Harvester, America's farmer, leaned comfortably back in his easy-chair one evening last week. He was just ending a year of agricultural prosperity that had left him, and 6,812,349 other *Harvesters* in the nation, with a billion dollars more income than the year before, and with a net income three times that of 1932.

Having bought more than in any year

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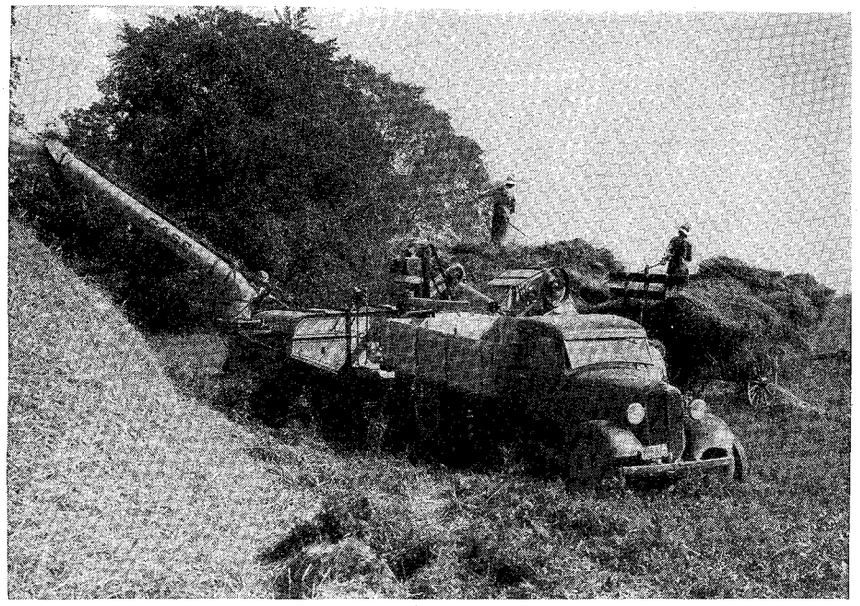


Wide World

Farm incomes were a bigger, better harvest than the drought-ridden crops, so farm work paid

since the war, *Harvey* luxuriously lit his pipe, and then read in his newspaper that President Roosevelt had just received a complete report from his Committee on Crop Insurance. Looming as a Congressional certainty was a starter on one more drive to help distressed agriculture.

A 75 per cent. insurance program for wheat-crop losses from drought, flood and pests had been proposed. Premiums are to be paid by wheat farmers, not the Government. Washington will pay administrative expenses, set up reserves of wheat, and in turn save money on other forms of farm relief—seed-grain loans, feed loans and direct relief for destitute farmers, all of which have cost the Government $615,937,000 in ten years.

Non-Cash—The insurance will cover only three-fourths of the loss, and would give the farmer wheat, not cash, so that it would be insurance, not against price fluctuations, but only against crop losses.

Besides this effort at solving the Farm Problem, *Mr. Harvester* was able to look toward 1937 and see:

(1) A second year $500,000,000 Soil Conservation program planned to help his income and increase the value of his land.

(2) A probability of a determined effort to start farm tenancy on the downward trend. Nearly 43 per cent. of American agriculturalists are tenant farmers.

(3) Production curtailment so that normal weather will not create too much surplus and destroy farm prices.

Conversely, *Harvey* was able last week to look back on a year of drought losses that had taken one-fourth of his crops, of Federal soil payments totaling $300,000,000, and of a total farm income of $9,530,000,000, a seven-year high.

With drought, AAA and Soil Conservation sniping at his acres, the American farmer had his crop production cut so much in 1936 that he even had to import wheat, corn and cattle, a total of 2 per cent. of U. S. production. But prices soared.

But *Harvey Harvester*, despite his turning to machinery as feed prices rose, despite his buying a new car, new furniture, a new radio and new clothing, was still unsure of the future: he might be getting a larger share of the national income than during either boom or depression years, but he knew he was still at a disadvantage with his city cousin.

Harvey still thinks there is a Farm Problem.

PRISON SCANDAL: Bruno, of Election Eve "Massacre," Walks Out on Life Term

A man who had a toothache set Pennsylvania officialdom howling with pain last week, all because he failed to go to the dentist.

The man had said he would go; in fact, he notified the Warden of the Pottsville jail, where he was awaiting transfer to prison to serve a life term, that the dentist's office was his destination. Moreover, he had dressed carefully for his call, packed his pockets with money, selected his own guard to transport him.

The guard, unarmed, dropped him at the dentist's office, in a busy street, then drove on to park the car. But when he returned he discovered that the life termer hadn't gone to the dentist's at all.

Arrested on charges relating to her father's disappearance, Mrs. Antoinette Billig was released in $15,500 bail.

"I am satisfied there was no planned escape," she said, "but that my father got the impulse of running away when he found he was left alone for a few moments downtown."

Politics—Rocking with the scandal of Joseph J. Bruno's leisurely escape, Pennsylvania clamored for his capture, launched an investigation, demanded a clean-up, arrested four as conspirators, denounced conditions at the Pottsville jail. Politics was blamed now, as politics was blamed for the "Election massacre" in 1934 that brought the conviction of Bruno and five of his kinsmen. Two Republican members of the County Commission, Philip Ehrig and Alvin Maurer, were arrested as accessories.

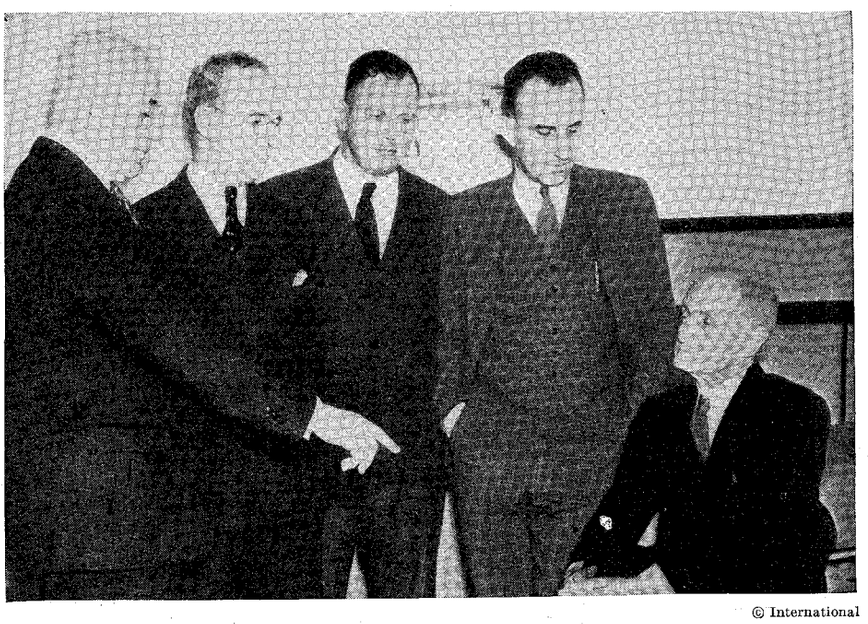
Bruno, short, swart and fifty, was a man of consequence in the small town of Kelayres. He was a Schuylkill County detective and a Republican leader. But the town was turning Democratic; Bruno was losing his political grip.

Whoops—Sensing victory, the Democrats whooped it up at a meeting on Election eve; marched to a street intersection where three of the four corners were occupied by houses of Bruno and his relatives.

Jeers for Bruno and the Republicans brought two warning shots from one of the houses. The crowd yelled louder. Then a ripping blast of gunfire slashed through the paraders' ranks. Three men were killed instantly; two more died the next day.

In Bruno's house, police found three high-powered rifles, two automatic rifles, six shotguns, three revolvers and two automatic pistols. Charged with murder, Bruno made this defense: As a county detective, he had a legal right to possess the weapons; the shooting did not start until the paraders had stoned the house, prepared to wreck it.

But Bruno was convicted of murder. His life sentence was triply riveted on each of three convictions. His brother, Philip, also received a life sentence; his sons, Alfred and James, ten to twenty years for second



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Attorney General Margiotti (left) in choleric mood examines Bruno's de luxe cell

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degree murder; his nephew, Arthur, five to ten years.

Convicted last May, Bruno carried the case to the State Supreme Court, which upheld the convictions on November 23 and ordered the men removed to prison forthwith. Why they were not transferred promptly is one of the things that Attorney General Charles J. Margiotti determined to find out.

Steaming with anger over Bruno's escape, he found conditions at the Pottsville jail that almost gave him apoplexy. Why there had not been a general jail delivery was "a mystery" to him, since "all the Brunos had access to the jail keys and arsenal."

Privileges—He also charged:

All the Brunos were trusties and had the run of the jail.

They had special beds, with box springs and downy mattresses, and electric stoves on which they did their own cooking.

In Joseph Bruno's cell were found tins of *pâté de foies gras* and other delicacies.

All the Brunos had visitors in their cells; they visited doctors and dentists when they pleased.

The story told by Bruno's guard, Guy Irving, that Bruno disappeared at the dentist's office was "a lie." The escape was the result of a plot involving "higher-ups."

The alarm was not spread for several hours after Bruno escaped.

County Commissioners were hampering the Attorney General in his investigation.

Evidence found in Bruno's safe-deposit box indicated that he had $32,500 when he fled, was worth $200,000. Contents of a "little black book," said to contain "political dynamite," were not made public.

Arrests—First important result of the escape was the arrest of these four, charged with conspiracy in planning it: Herbert Gosslin, warden; Robert Walker, deputy warden; Guy Irving, Bruno's guard, and the fugitive's daughter, dark-eyed Mrs. Antoinette Billig, a former school-teacher. Bail in each case was set at $15,000. Mrs. Billig, who visited her father four times at the jail just before his ride to the dentist's office, was said to have admitted supplying him with "at least $1,000."

Pottsville's story of the luxury enjoyed by convicts has many precedents that were nine-day wonders for the American public. Most conspicuous of recent cases was that involving Nathan Leopold and the late Richard Loeb, serving life terms at Joliet for the murder of Bobby Franks of Chicago. When Loeb was hacked to death with a razor by a fellow convict last January, the killing kicked up another scandal that involved these charges: that Loeb and other favored convicts parceled out privileges and prison jobs, sold cigarettes and other luxuries, had canaries and flowers in their cells.

In 1934, the year of the Kelayres massacre, New York was shocked by conditions found in the City Prison on Welfare Island. Two gangs ran the prison, selling narcotics, food, clothing, parceling out privileges and operating the gambling rackets. Favored inmates cooked their own meals in their cells; if they needed extra fuel they ripped up books from the library.

Leaders of the gangs kept valets, drank excellent whisky, smoked the best cigars. Those who wanted pets had them. Among these were homing pigeons, used chiefly to bring in narcotics. So prevalent was the drug habit that, after the prison was raided, half of the inmates had to be hospitalized.

Topics in Brief

THE MYSTERIOUS ORIENTAL

—Herblock in Boston Transcript

Anyway, the World War taught us that when all Americans agree about anything they are all wrong.—*Lewiston Sun.*

Things are better. There are more men now operating steam-shovels than are watching them.—*Greensboro (Ga.) Herald-Journal.*

With the advent of radio, sale of talking machines has declined. Radio may be regarded as the greatest record-breaker.—*Dallas News.*

The technique of sending photos from Europe by radio has been refined beyond belief. Even the government's jitters are transmitted.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

It may be that women's hats were just as bizarre during the short skirt era. Not that our memory is poor, but just the same we wouldn't know.—*St. Louis Star-Times.*

Then there was the commander in Madrid who gave the regiment a fifteen-minute fight talk, only to find that none of the boys spoke Spanish.—*Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

When a man wants his handkerchief he reaches around and takes it out of his back-pocket. When a girl wants hers she arises, shakes herself and picks it up.—*Florida Dispatch.*

South Florida driver fined $100 for drunken driving had to sell his car to pay the fine or go to jail for thirty days. Say, that's an idea.—*Florida Times-Union (Jacksonville).*

Marked increases in purchases of life insurance have been noted during the last few months. Life has become so merry that people figure it's bound to be short.—*Washington Post.*

Finland paid up her war debt instalment, and at the same time celebrated her sixteenth anniversary of independence. Maybe her promptness in paying is due to youth and innocence and inexperience.—*Omaha World Herald.*

Is armament necessary? Well, when we had none, England stopped and searched our ships in New York Harbor.—*Buffalo Evening News.*

Nature isn't wasteful. If she gives a man ability to be a big shot, she seldom goes to the trouble of making him look like one.—*Tulsa World.*

Was anybody thoughtful enough to send Hitler and Mussolini marked copies of the sport pages, intimating that Judge Landis's position is insecure?—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Secretary Hull says that peace is at present a merely dormant, negative condition. He urges the Western nations to get together and wage an offensive welfare.—*The New Yorker.*

The Governor-General of Canada, citing the advantages of the printed word over the spoken word, should have pointed out among other things that it is much easier to close your eyes than your ears.—*Troy Record.*

A study of such things reveals that the housewife uses a knife an average of 130 times a day, an exchange reports. It might have added that every time she vows that knife simply must be sharpened.—*Topeka State Journal.*

According to the income tax returns thirty-three citizens had an income of $1,000,000 or more in 1934. In 1929, 518 of them paid taxes on incomes of more than a million. But soon after that they woke up.—*Indianapolis News.*

Columnists' Corner

Can you remember? Back in the good old days when only ONE man in Europe thought he was Napoleon?—H. I. Phillips in the Philadelphia *Inquirer.*

After whirling, dodging, elbowing, buffeting, pushing and hauling and puffing and blowing with them in a last mad rush, we see no reason for disagreeing with the head-line which says, "Supply of Holiday Nuts Adequate," except on the ground of understatement.—George Ryan in the Boston *Herald.*

There are those who think that the Archbishop of Canterbury, waiting until the night after his team won the game, stole the goal-posts.—F. P. A. in the New York *Herald Tribune.*

Either wireless transmission of photos can be further refined, or there has been an oblique sleet-storm throughout England in the past month.—H. V. Wade in the Detroit *News.*

In fewer words: Hollywood is where they not only grow lemons—but they let them act.—Walter Winchell in the New York *Daily Mirror.*

Mr. Farley breaks down and confesses that he sent 500 post-cards back from the British Isles. It's hard to say, but we are reminded of the restaurant proprietor who went out for lunch.—W. C. S. in the Chicago *Daily Tribune.*

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ALPHONSE AND GASTON ACT IN CHINA

Chiang Becomes Captor of Chang; Both Beg Punishment

In the purest of classical Chinese tradition, tho with radio, air-planes and antiaircraft guns as modern trimmings, the incredible story of the kidnaping of China's Dictator-President ended last week—kidnaper and victim returning to Nanking, each unctuously assuming the blame.

"You believed that I had not treated the people fairly and squarely. . . . I paid no attention to my personal safety. . . . I am blamable; and must apologize to the nation . . . I must ask punishment," declaimed Chiang Kai-shek, the released Dictator, in an explanation two newspaper columns long.

"I am by nature rustic, surly and unpolished. . . . I committed a great crime . . . await punishment . . . to serve as a warning to others," replied kidnaper Chang Hsueh-liang, "Young Marshal," who for thirteen days had held his chief a prisoner 700 miles away in ancient Sian.

Christmas Eve, events moved rapidly.

Guy-wires hissed low over smoking torches with which a thousand ragged Chinese rebels outlined the pitch-black landing-field. A plane, long awaited from Loyang, coasted in, taxied through slush and mud, stopped.

Into the torchlit circle stepped haggard Mme. Chiang Kai-shek, wife of the Generalissimo kidnaped and held a prisoner at Sian since December 12.

Equally nerve-racked and drawn, brother T. V. Soong, bulky Governor of the Bank of China, followed her, as mouse-quiet power of attorney for the entire wealth of the family of Shanghai Soongs. After them stepped the worried Australian adviser to Chinese officials for thirty years, W. H. Donald. Last two bundled figures to stumble out were cook and maid to Mme. Chiang. (Guest meals are sometimes poisoned.)

Kidnaper—Through the ring of toothy, shaggy torch-bearers bustled the smartly uniformed kidnaper, "Young Marshal" Chang Hsueh-liang.

Grotesquely courteous, under the circumstances, he bowed, protested undying loyalty to the imprisoned Generalissimo, escorted the little band through the City Gate. It was against that same gate, on the riotous night of the kidnaping, that his men crucified the Generalissimo's henchman, Col. Ma Chih-chiang, after murdering forty-six of his guard.

Sian's narrow black alleys were empty, the population shooed indoors each night since the kidnaping by rifle fire. Jostled by rifle-butts, dripped on by tossing torches, the five newcomers were led, driven, through a gate into the bungalow under the windows of the "Young Marshal," where the all-powerful, but for the time being helpless, Chiang Kai-shek waited.

To her husband, while the others turned their backs, Mme. Chiang passed something that fitted his hand. With a quick fumbling gesture to his face, the Generalissimo greeted them, smiling, his normal self for the first time in eleven days. Since the bloody scuffle ending in the death of his guard and his own capture, the Generalissimo had been chewing on toothless gums, his false teeth lost in the fighting. Mme. Chiang had brought his spares.

Through the night, as they waited for the day, rifle shots in twos and threes, with long silences between, rent the blackness. Local troops of Gen. Yang Hu-chen, more unruly and far more numerous than those of their captor, were enforcing a curfew that had cost many lives, one of them that of Herbert Wunsch, German dentist, who had not leaped fast enough.

Meanwhile, converging on historic Sian (Literary Digest, Dec. 26) from all directions were war-lords, some of them with a hundred grudges against the imprisoned Generalissimo, all greedy to be in at the division of the ransom, the redivision of power, or, possibly, at the death.

As far as Tungkwan in his ornate private car had come foxy old Marshal Yen Hsi-shan, Governor of Shansi Province, hoping to be arbiter, possibly to emerge as supreme war-lord. All the way to Sian he sent, as deputies, his younger generals, Chao Tai-wen and Hsu Yung-chang. From Suiyuan in the North, where he had won triumph by buying (with the Generalissimo's money) away from the Japanese-sponsored Mongol army the soldiers of renegade Gen. Wang Ying (Literary Digest, Dec. 19),* flew Gen. Fu Tso-yi.

Watchful—Even great Gen. Han Fu-chu, obstreperous Governor of rich Shantung, who bars Nanking troops from most of his

*Wang, blamed by the Japanese for their defeat, was arrested, tried, shot by the Japanese.

Acme

Brother-in-law T. V. Soong and . . .

Pictures, Inc.

. . . wife sought to ransom Chiang Kai-shek . . .

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. . . while loyal troops of China's National Army marched on Chang Hsueh-liang to rescue their Generalissimo

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prize Province, sent "delegates" hurrying to Sian, to guard or advance his interests.

A dozen other war-lords, three of them subordinates of the Young Marshal when he was lord of all Manchuria, hastened to the division of the spoils. Round-robin telegrams of loyalty to Chiang Kai-shek, with which war-lords all over China have burned the wires since the capture of their chief, began to taper off.

Loyalty to the Generalissimo still was the burden of most; but for the policies of the Young Marshal, since he seemed to be keeping the upper hand, enthusiasm began to flower.

Meanwhile, at Nanking the headless Central Government backed, filled, quivered, like a rudderless ship.

Three times merciless punitive offensive against Sian was ordered by War Minister (Fox in Lion's Skin) Gen. Ho Yin-chin. The Young Marshal was to be punished for his rebellion even if last trace of historic Sian must be wiped from the earth. Three times was armistice granted, last time after a terse telegram from self-surrendered banker Soong, held by the rebels.

Defiance—Into the vacant shoes of the Generalissimo, as President of the Executive Committee of the Kuomintang (Nationalist Party) stepped Gen. Lin Sen. Cheers rose to his shout: "The Soong family (held prisoner) has its own rules, the country its own laws. Rebellion is the problem of the country . . . must be suppressed without compromise" (*i.e.*, to save the life of the absent chief).

In the city, festivities were halted, "in mourning" for the Generalissimo. Boy Scouts and students rushed about shouting hysterically, "On to Sian." A small group started, on foot.

To conceal the crisis from the hundreds of China's millions who still knew nothing of it, students in schools and universities, closed indefinitely now, were forbidden to return to their homes.

Despite the iron censorship, there filtered into Nanking the certainty, concealed for a week and a half, that the rebellion was never merely a Shensi rebellion, but that also in Kansu, Province big as Texas and with 18,000,000 population, Gen. Yu Hsueh-chung's army had revolted simultaneously with that of the Young Marshal. They had looted Lanchow, the Capital, raided the offices of the Generalissimo's political party, the Kuomintang; imprisoned or murdered all the officials.

To such of China's 3,112,000 Christians* as knew of it, the situation was disaster. To the 16,000 Roman Catholic and 6,000 Protestant missionaries whose bulwark, and occasional benefactor, was Chiang, it was imminent catastrophe.

Marines—To American diplomatic and military officials, it was the emergency forever in the offing, 10,000 scattered American citizens to be protected, evacuated, rescued. On the bridges of the seven gunboats of *Uncle Sam's* Yangste River Patrol, and on five other U. S. gunboats permanently in Chinese waters, crackled wireless commands. Orders sped to the 800 men of the "Forgotten 15th" quartered in old German-built barracks at Tientsin since the Boxer rebellion in 1900. Telegraph "bugs" clicked excitedly in twelve red brick copper-roofed buildings among the white oaks inside the Tatar Wall of Peiping, snapping 200 U. S. Marines to the alert. More orders ticked out to the 1,100 Marines in the rented barracks of the International Settlement at Shanghai.

**British Missions* reports converts cost £56 ($280) per convert.

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"I'm not a little lady, I'm a princess"

Carpenters hammered hard in Peiping. Left over was a decree written by the Generalissimo before his capture ordering that after New Year's Day, China should be freed of its last opium addict, if necessary by execution. The coffin industry was booming.

Early Christmas day in Sian the Young Marshal called on his prisoners. Mme. Chiang's own cook brewed the tea.*

How to liquidate the situation with profit to all, shame and hardship to none, was the problem confronting the conferees. With China's richest man, at once brother-in-law of the prisoner and Governor of the Bank of China, in the room, negotiations were brief. By two o'clock the bargain was signed and sealed.

At three Generalissimo, wife, brother-in-law, all free now, were escorted with military honors to the flying-field.

Two and a half hours later their big plane, escorted by three of the new planes presented to the Generalissimo on October 12, his fiftieth birthday,** roared without warning over the flying-field at Loyang.

It was another night landing; but in striking contrast to that at Sian the night before. Powerful search-lights, not flickering torches, pierced the darkness. Fearing treachery, Loyang antiaircraft gunners kept their new guns trained on the incoming ships, in case they might be a set of the Young Marshal's bombers. Barely in time they distinguished the Central Government insignia and held their fire.

Pistols—Still distrustful, infantrymen rushed with drawn pistols to surround the big machines when they taxied to a halt.

Out stepped the last man they expected to see, the Generalissimo.

*Chang nearly died of "digestional complications" years ago after a banquet presided over by the Generalissimo in Nanking. Mme. Chiang was taking no chances on the return visit.

**Mme. Chiang is purchasing agent for all the Central Government's aviation equipment, bought more than a third of the planes exported from the U. S. A. this year; in the first ten months $6,785,384 worth, compared to $2,082,067 in the same ten months last year.

Calm as ever, completely self-possessed, tho showing signs of strain, he refused all explanations, merely commanded a complete halt of all punitive action against the man who had kidnaped and imprisoned him for thirteen days.

As swiftly as wires could carry it, news of Chiang Kai-shek's liberation flashed to all of China's principal cities, releasing a pandemonium of rejoicing.

Again every telegraph-wire in the country was heated red with round-robin messages from provincial war-lords, fulsome now in their unswerving fealty to the Generalissimo.

Welcome—By Saturday noon, 200,000 persons had collected at Nanking's civilian air-port to greet the returning Dictator; but his big plane settled at the military flying-field three miles away. There 5,000 of his smartest troops stood at attention as he, in Chinese civilian clothes, marched off the field, Mme. Chiang on his arm.

Two hours later, at 2:15, another plane brought to an empty field brother-in-law-banker T. V. Soong, and the repentant Young Marshal come to the Capital to make amends for his crime; not to prison, however. Banker Soong took the kidnaper to his own residence for the night.

After releasing a short statement to the press through his wife (Chiang speaks no English) and a 2,000-word sermon-confession-admonition to his kidnaper and the nation, Chiang Kai-shek and his able wife prepared to retire to their isolated mountain bungalow at Kuling to recuperate.

ELIZABETH: Heir to Throne Sets Pace for the Youngsters of Great Britain

"All the other mummies must think like mine!" Princess Elizabeth exclaimed a few years ago. She had appeared in Hyde Park in an organdy sunbonnet, and overnight the park blossomed with small girls in sunbonnets. Even Shirley Temple, in her brief reign, has not influenced styles and toys like the ten-year-old child who will some day be Queen Empress.

Last week, blissfully oblivious to the pious scolding the Archbishop of York gave Uncle David and Aunt-elect Wallis, Britain's Bess III went ahead setting the palpitating pace for millions of youthful subjects-to-be.

Sets Style—When Elizabeth Alexandra Mary wears red, British children immediately copy it. When she first appeared in yellow tweed, Lancashire weavers and dyers worked overtime to supply the demand. A doll with her golden hair, dark-fringed blue eyes, tilted nose and wide mouth swept the Empire. The exquisite miniature cottage which the Principality of Wales gave her for her sixth birthday—the Queen Mother once squeezed into it for tea—reappeared as a toy in countless nurseries.

Chocolates and hospital wards have been named in her honor, and the narrow strip of Antarctica discovered by Sir Douglas Mawson in 1931 is called Princess Elizabeth Land. A special lady-in-waiting answers her world-wide correspondence, and returns hundreds of presents which strangers send.

The Princess's first biography did not

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Hitler and his friends dine while considering food shortage in Germany

appear until she was four, but from the day of her birth British editors delighted their readers with intimate details of the royal nursery. The Archbishop of York christened her with water from the River Jordan, careful not to splash the baptismal robe made of laces Queen Elizabeth had worn. The baby cut her first tooth on Queen Mary's pearl necklace.

"She did not delay showing that she had inherited her mother's instinctive courtesy," Lady Cynthia Asquith wrote in the New York *Herald Tribune*, "for long before she could walk she knew how to smile strangers into slavery and, while still unable to speak, gave unmistakable signs of a laudable desire to set others at their ease."

Education—To keep this Wonder Child from being spoiled by 500,000,000 admirers, the sensible new Queen instituted a strict régime. She wanted to put her daughter in school, but tho boys of the royal family attend military and naval prep schools, the Queen Mother and Cabinet Ministers decided that the future Queen should have private instruction.

Every morning except Sunday lessons begin at 9:30 in the green-walled nursery and continue, with a brief recess at 11, until 1 P.M. Grammar, composition, history, constitutional law (which teaches even a Queen her place), geography, Latin, Scriptures and the arithmetic she loathes fill her mornings. Luncheon with the King and Queen follows, and twice a week the conversation is in French or German.

Tomboy Sister—In the afternoon she has dancing-class with other children, and plays with her brown-eyed tomboy sister, Princess Margaret Rose, six, in the garden behind her home at 145 Piccadilly. Neighbors who have keys to the garden do not use them when the royal children roll their green hoops and stable toy horses there. Frequently sentimental passers-by curtsy, and the little girls must stop the hottest game of "touch"—tag—to drop a bow in return. In Buckingham Palace, where nurseries are now being prepared for the youngsters, they will play behind the high garden wall.

Elizabeth is happiest at Glamis Castle, Scotland, her mother's ancestral home, where the child frightens relatives and servants by climbing trees and swinging from the branches. In Windsor Great Park, where the Royal Lodge was the family's week-end residence till King George's accession, she rides the pony her royal grandfather gave her, with a good seat and firm little hands.

The death of Princess Margaret Rose's pony was one of the youngsters' few sorrows. "Peggy is dead and gone to heaven," her owner told a lady-in-waiting. "I expect that by now Jesus Christ will be riding her, because she is much better than that donkey of his."

Tantrums—At ten the imperious little heir apparent has conquered some of her earlier temper. She used to throw tantrums on the nursery floor, yet she seldom misbehaved in public. One lapse occurred during the annual military pageant at Aldershot, when an officer noticed that the crowd of children watched the Princesses more than the performers, and suggested that they drive past in an open car rather than the royal limousine. Their kind-hearted mother received the idea enthusiastically, but the touring car the officer quickly commandeered aroused Elizabeth's disdain.

"I'm not going to ride in that awful looking taxi," she proclaimed. "Take it away. I want my own car." Disregarding the outburst, the smiling Duchess bundled the outraged Princess into the shabby vehicle.

One wide-spread story about her concerns a royal visit to a battle-ship, and the captain who lifted the Princess down to a waiting launch with: "There, little lady!" "I'm not a little lady," the child replied, "I'm a Princess."

"Thank the captain for lifting you," Queen Mary interposed briskly. "You are not a lady, yet, but I hope some day you may become one."

The weakness of this yarn lies in the fact that it was circulated years ago, with her aunt, the Princess Royal, as the villain.

Lessons—In any case, the Queen Mother supervises her favorite grandchild's deportment with the vigor she showed her own children. The little girl does many of her lessons standing up, to train her for tiring public appearances. Court presentation is a beloved educational game.

"Whom have I the honor of receiving?" the Queen once asked.

"Lady Bathtub and Lady Plug," Elizabeth announced.

Later she admitted that her gay Uncle David—now Duke of Windsor—had put her up to it.

Considering the adulation which accompanies her every appearance, Elizabeth remains charmingly natural in public, waving her handkerchief and blowing kisses to cheering crowds, and smoothing down the lapels of a new pastel coat with an obvious pride. Last week she and her sister bobbed up and down in a window of the royal train which was bound for Sandringham, eagerly watching porters unload a van of Christmas presents for them.

Husband—Tho Elizabeth has not been told she will reign as Queen, court gossips have already speculated on her future husband. Prince Charles of Luxembourg, nine; Prince Gorm, seventeen, and Prince Olaf, thirteen, of Denmark; Prince Philippe of Greece, fifteen, and Prince William Victor, seventeen-year-old grandson of the ex-Kaiser, have all been mentioned as possible consorts of the child—if there is any royalty left by then. For she may have a more limited choice even than that which made her Uncle David wait for a commoner.

In Castle Enzesfeld, Austria, Uncle David stopped hanging Christmas decorations long enough to dispatch a large box to his nieces. It included the Austrian game of skittleboard, a form of ninepins with which His Royal Highness brightens his leisure. Meanwhile he received a highly insured package from Cannes, refuge of his friend, Mrs. Simpson. Correspondents, in the absence of a statement, surmised from its small size that it contained a ring.

WOTAN'S NAZIS: Germans Tighten Belts to Slogan, "Guns Instead of Butter"

"I was much perturbed in former years because bad Marxists attacked me, but then the dear Lord sent us the *Fuehrer* and everything was changed."

The speaker, an old man in a red robe and long white beard, was *Weinachtsmann*, the German *Santa Claus*. Instead of a bishop's crook, he carried a gilt swastika, and from a loaded pack gave poor children an anti-Semitic picture-book. The Leader himself proved more generous, sending three million poor families a gift of sausage, herrings, coffee, cheese, cookies, sugar, canned milk and vegetables, and his photograph.

For the great mass of Germans, however, the most serious food shortage since the war cast a pall over Christmas. Housewives got orders to specify their favorite dairy store, and to patronize it exclusively. By prohibiting any shopping around, officials found it possible to limit the distribution of butter and other fats. A census of the size of families has already been taken, and, beginning January 1, every housewife must limit fat purchases to at least 80 per cent. of her October buying.

"Guns instead of butter!" was the slogan Gen. Hermann Wilhelm Goering, Commissar, sounded for the Four Year Plan

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destined to control production and slash imports as an aid to the Reich's fantastic rearmament program. Now, according to Frederick T. Birchall of the New York *Times,* people mournfully ask: "Will it soon be guns instead of bread?"

Crusts—Last week they got orders to save crusts. The wheat crop, which totaled 5,800,000 tons in the bumper year 1933, when Hitler seized power, amounted to only 4,000,000 this year. The Government will have to allot some of its hoarded foreign funds for the purchase of at least a million more, and some experts believe that this expenditure in a rising market will drain the last of the Reich's gold. The *Frankfurter Zeitung,* which published news of the shortage, was obliged to accept a Nazi official as editor-in-chief, under threat of suspension. Peasants who contributed to a 1,000,000-ton rye deficit by feeding the grain to pigs rather than sell it at Government-controlled prices, recently got notice that this constituted treason—which in the Third Reich merits the hangman's ax.

Restaurateurs must limit their menus to comply with official decrees. Across the Rhine, some restaurants feature a hundred *hors-d'œuvres;* Germans may serve only four hot and six cold. Four soups, ten main dishes, six kinds of eggs, vegetables, salad and game in season, fifteen cold dishes including fish, and unlimited cheese and desserts. Even the number of lemons used for garnishing comes under the all-seeing restrictions, officials arguing that many diners never squeeze them and they are wasted. Moreover, to save soap, they prohibited the use of table-cloths. People are urged to eat less beef, veal, bacon and imported vegetables, concentrating on potatoes, sugar, jam, cabbage, fish and limburger cheese.

Rime—A current ditty runs:

"Der Hitler hat keine Frau,
Der Bauer hat keine Sau,
Der Fleischer hat keine Fleisch;
Das ist das Dritte Reich."

Meaning Hitler has no wife, the farmer has no sow, the butcher has no meat; that is the Third Reich.

To distract the populace from conditions at home, Dr. Paul Joseph Goebbels, Propaganda Minister, ran a full-page picture of a ragged old American woman saying grace over a Bowery hand-out. "Bread! Meat! Vegetables!" the caption said. "Even an apple! It's been months since she's had such a meal—and, afterward, back into the street to disappear with thousands like her, until pity again brings her to a warm fireside."

Last week diplomats nervously wondered whether the Leader planned some coup to distract the people further. As a portent of approaching mobilization, all male citizens between the ages of eighteen and forty-five learned that they may not leave the Reich without a pass from their military commanders. Paris and London feared that Hitler might test the truth of Benito Mussolini's classic prophecy: "The thin peoples will eventually triumph over the fat peoples."

Snow fell deep over the week-end, hushed every sound about *Der Fuehrer's* mountain-side cottage at Berchtesgaden. What the Chancellor planned in the silence kept the fat peoples in a quiver of suspense. Anticlimax was a practical ultimatum demanding release of the 1,000-ton German freighter *Palos,* held by Spanish Loyalists.

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ISOLATING SPAIN: Italians Withdrawing; Britain and France Seek to "Buy Off" Hitler

Evacuation of Majorca last week by Italian "volunteers" who seized the island early in the Spanish civil war marked the first withdrawal of foreign forces from either side of the "little world war" raging in Spain since July.

Completion at Rome of a British-Italian pact freezing the *status quo* in the Mediterranean and assuring Mussolini a life-line to Ethiopia, coupled with *de facto* recognition of the conquest by Britain and France, were the price paid for a move that seems outwardly to take Italy out of the war.

A frantic combination of threats on the one hand and hints of bribes in the form of colonies and loans on the other were directed by London and Paris toward Berlin in an effort to halt Hitler before he embarked the 60,000 German troops without which Rebel Commander Francisco Franco clamors that he can never take Madrid.

Once the troops were at sea, British and French statesmen feel, Hitler would be so deeply engaged that he could not withdraw at any price; and world war would be inescapable.

Expedition—To Madrid Sunday came reports that 20,000 German regular army *(Reichswehr)* troops had already landed at Cadiz, in Rebel territory. Tho these were not immediately confirmed, it was certain that Gen. Owen O'Duffy and his 1,000 Irish volunteers had gone to Franco's aid. The 10,000 perfectly trained and disciplined Nazis already in his ranks had so confirmed Franco's faith in Germans that only more of these would satisfy him.

Heavy and unusually accurate artillery shelling, unmistakably German shelling, according to the Leftists, made Madrid a shambles on Christmas day.

In reprisal, and opening the ninth week of the battle for the Capital, a company of coal-miners (dynamiters) crept into Rebel lines; and with blasting charges reduced one of Franco's troop-trains to matchwood.

Two ineffectual raids were made by German air-planes attempting to blow up the high railway-trestle near Port Bou at the east end of the Pyrenees. Object: to cut the last railway by which volunteers and supplies may reach Madrid from France.

Suspicion was strong that the raiding squadrons came, not from a Spanish airport, but direct from Germany across France.

Clues—By their fragments the bombs were identified as German; but that was expected. Thirty shells fired at the same bridge by an unknown cruiser off the coast were discovered to be of Italian make. Tho neither shells nor bombs struck the target, the shells forced down a French mail and passenger plane on the Toulouse-Casablanca run, frightening the occupants within an inch of their lives.

In Paris, and free from censorship restraint for the first time since the war began in July, United Press correspondent Lester Ziffern wired:

"For every soldier killed in battle, three persons—men, women and children—have been killed behind the lines."

OUSTER IN CUBA: Gomez Impeached for Defying Batista as Would-Be Fascist Dictator

A bushy-browed man of about forty-seven calmly adjusted his horn-rimmed spectacles as he chatted with newspaper men at the Presidential Palace in Havana last week. President Miguel Mariano Gomez seemed more composed than his interviewers, who had come to bid him farewell. As he shook hands with them, he remarked, almost casually:

"When one performs one's duty, it sometimes makes a painful picture, but it leaves the conscience tranquil."

At that very moment the Cuban Senate, constituting itself a tribunal, was called to order by the aged Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, Dr. Juan Federico Edelman. In contrast with the tensely hostile atmosphere of the floor, the galleries creaked with fidgety spectators, as the impeachment bill preferred by the House of

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Behind the Government battle-line . . . Loyalist militia huddle in shadow of armored car

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Representatives against Doctor Gomez was hastily read. He was accused of trying to coerce legislators opposed to the Sugar Bill, which he vetoed on the score that the proceeds would be used to finance the militaristic rural schools of Col. Fulgencio Batista, Army Chief of Staff.

Oratory—Amidst a roar from the galleries, the last of the three prosecutors charged that the President repeatedly had sought to take patronage away from him. But the thirty-two Senators present sat back grimly and hardly budged a muscle as José M. Gutierrez, Doctor Gomez's lawyer, delivered an eloquent defense, denied all charges as false and perorated to the galleries' noisy "*Vivas!*"

"Cuba is doomed to fascism and dictatorship when President Gomez is sentenced. Beware."

Unavailing likewise was the President's short statement, in which he reviewed his seven months as chief executive and outlined how the Army had constantly balked his efforts at restoring democratic Government in Cuba.

"It has all been useless," it said. "Something more is desired: to give orders from Camp Columbia (Army headquarters of Colonel Batista) to the Palace."

In less than five hours, the trial was decided by a vote of 22 to 12, which removed Gomez as the sixth popularly elected President of Cuba.

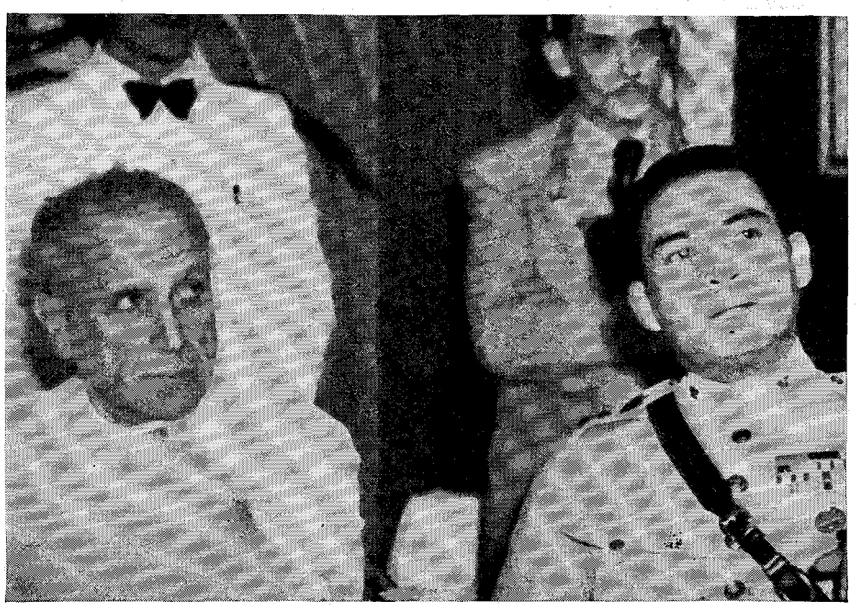
Anticipating his removal, that same day Doctor Gomez had packed up his household furniture and moved to his sumptuous private home three blocks away as he waited for the official announcement, which automatically made sixty-one-year-old Vice-President Federico Laredo Brú his successor.

Silent Boss—Not a word, however, came from Camp Columbia, just outside Havana, where Colonel Batista lives and works as the real Power behind Cuban politics. But Havana's gossip-mongers felt sure that the Power's hand was really forced by the extremists of his *clique*, who resented Gomez's patronage grab.

Batista is said to have opposed such a hasty coup, which henceforth makes him the scapegoat of malcontents. With Gomez still President, Batista could have conveniently blamed all the ills of Cuba on the Administration, while completing his militarization of the country's youth for the eventual *coup d'état* whereby he hoped to become dictator "for the good of the country."

PAN-AMERICA: Peace Conference Closes With Praise for Gratifying Results

Surrounded by Buenos Aires' socially élite, President Augustin P. Justo of Argentina smilingly received the thanks of scores of festively dressed diplomats who last week attended the ball he gave to commemorate the wind-up of the Inter-American Conference for the Maintenance of Peace.



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Brú, successor to the Presidential chair, and Batista, the power behind Cuban politics

As host, he blandly expressed Argentina's gratification at the prospect of peace in the Western Hemisphere through the sixty-nine resolutions, conventions and recommendations in the enactment of which his Foreign Minister and Chairman of the Conference, Dr. Carlos Saavedra Lamas, had taken a prominent rôle.

Unable to attend the final session that same day because of a severe cold, Secretary of State Cordell Hull delegated Sumner Welles to read his speech, in which he warned that "we must destroy war or war will destroy us," and proudly pointed to the accomplishments of the peace body as having set a "practical example" for the rest of the world.

Side-Step—A day before, however, the United States delegation had tactfully avoided entangling Washington with the Geneva League of Nations when it abstained from voting on a resolution which recommended that both League and non-League members study plans calculated to coordinate the Kellogg-Briand and Saavedra Lamas peace pacts with the Covenant.

Undiscouraged by this and Argentina's opposition to the neutrality pact, the twenty-one nations of the Americas widely hailed the resolutions sponsored by the United States for lowering trade barriers and according equality of commercial treatments among them.

To insure peace, the conferees laid down the basis for an inter-American mediation treaty to facilitate the settlement of disputes; another treaty is to be studied with a view to preventing controversies through permanent bilateral and mixed commissions; while the five Central American nations succeeded in pushing through a resolution that pledges the signatory nations to respect one another's sovereignty and decrees that "any act of an unfriendly nature toward any one of them which is susceptible of disturbing peace affects each and all of them," thereby calling for inter-American consultation.

Praise—"It is the solidarity declaration," cabled Leland Stowe, New York *Herald Tribune* correspondent assigned to the Buenos Aires Conference, "which amplifies the previously adopted non-intervention protocol to build a double barrier against the repetition of such policing experiments by United States marines in Nicaragua and Haiti a few years ago."

Extolling the work of the Conference, the New York *Times* comments that "what may amount to a complete agreement of all the nations represented to banish war from this hemisphere is an achievement which we are not yet prepared to see in its true perspective, but one day the world will so see it. . . . For careful preliminary studies, and for ability and tact in diplomatic negotiations, the palm is, by general consent, to be awarded to Secretary Hull."

MADAGASCAR: France's Picturesque Possession Is World's Fourth Largest Island

For forty-one years the mixed, swarthy natives of Madagascar have lived their own idyllic life under French colonial rule, undisturbed by the turmoil of the civilized world. Keenly intelligent and artistic, they derive their origin from a Malayo-Polynesian stock dating back to remote ages and speak a soft-worded, musical language that bristles with metaphors and similes, echoing the time-grayed legends of their comparatively advanced aboriginal culture.

Last week at Tananarive, the island's verdant Capital of "a thousand russet houses," France's Governor-General, Léon Cayla, smilingly approved the report of a committee he had named a few months before to prepare Madagascar's Pavilion for the Paris Exposition this year. Their curiosity piqued by this small item of news, Parisians began asking themselves what this little-known possession was like.

Geography—Resembling the sole of the left foot, Madagascar, which the French proudly call *la Grande Isle*, sprawls over the Indian Ocean and east of Africa as the world's fourth largest island.* It is larger than France and about four times the size of Michigan. Immense and picturesque, it is a seagirt kaleidoscope of high plateaus, rank forests, miasmic swamps and rugged mountains fringed by a 3,000-mile slightly

*The three larger bodies being: Greenland, 736,518 sq. mi.; New Guinea, 312,329 sq. mi.; and Borneo, 293,496 sq. mi.

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indented coast-line, except for the northwest littoral, which harbors such lovely bay towns as Majunga, Nossi-Bé and Diégo Suarez.

On the low-lying eastern coast there is not a single haven for vessels, and the shores are infested with innumerable unhealthy lagoons lashed by baleful hurricanes and water-spouts. The central tableland occupies about three-fourths of the island and rises to an altitude of about 5,500 feet. It is mostly in this cool, healthy section that the 23,000 Frenchmen and 13,500 foreigners live.

With tropical regularity the paradise of the Indian Ocean enjoys two yearly seasons —the warm and rainy spell between November and April, followed by six months of dry, cool weather.

Natives—While the population of about 3,580,000 Malagasies is split into a large number of tribes and clans, the people speak a common language, also called Malagasy. Mild, home-loving and inordinately fond of singing, they meticulously observe their immemorial holidays and *fêtes* with dancing and music.

Malagasies, men and women, cover their bodies with simple attire. The *lamba*, a square white cloth shaped like a Roman toga, dangles over the loin-cloth (*solaka*) for the men and a kind of apron (*kitamby*) for the women. On special occasions, or when on court visits, the natives don a *lamba* made of banana-fiber. They are quick to adopt European ideas, altho the French administration consistently encourages them to follow their own customs and usages. Besides being excellent farmers, they are noted for their delicate metal work —filigree, gold and silver chains.

So esthetically minded are the natives that they prefer to call God "the Fragrant One" and pay homage to their ancestors. They choose to live a life near to nature, barring sex conventions and placing the sexes on a basis of equality.

Rule—Mindful of their love of freedom and ease, the French rule them through the Governor-General, who is assisted by three councils made up of twenty-four Europeans and twenty-four natives. The Provinces have native Governors and generally enjoy autonomy through popular suffrage. The villages have commune-like organizations called *Fokonolona*, headed by a native chieftain (*Mpiadidy*). The European elements are tried under a French judicial code, while the Malagasies have native tribunals under European Presidents.

Except for a small number of Negroes, who were from time to time imported as slaves from continental Africa, the Malagashies carry in their veins a strong admixture of Malayo-Polynesian, Semitic, Mongol and Negroid strains, giving them complexions that range from white through yellow, bronze and chocolate to coal-black. Some have heavy kinks, others are silky-haired. Outstanding among the native elements are the Hovas, whose markedly Mongoloid features and wheaten skin point to their arrival on the island about the fourteenth century. They came as conquerors, choosing the salubrious central plateau for their habitat as they pushed back the older races—Sakalavas, Betsileos, Betsimisarakas—to the coastal plains.

The first European to see the island was a Portuguese, Diego Diaz, who sighted it on August 10, 1500, and called it the Isle of St. Lawrence, as it was that saint's feast day. After the Portuguese the Dutch maritime adventurers unsuccessfully tried to found colonies on its eastern shores. In the latter part of the eighteenth century the French tried to fortify the eastern coast, but in 1811 the British occupied Tamatave and three years later the Treaty of Paris recognized as British the "French settlements in Madagascar."

Small sons of Japan inaugurate the outdoor sport season with their New Year kites

Politically, however, the history of the island dates from the reign of Radama I (1810-1828), the Malagasy Peter the Great, who taught civilization and introduced learning, altho the Arabs had penetrated the island in the ninth century and instituted a modified form of Arabic to transcribe the native dialect. It was during Radama's reign that the Christian faith was brought to the natives by the London Missionary Society.

Feuds—At Radama's death his wife, Ranavalona, plunged the island into feuds and bloodshed until her son, Radama II, succeeded and opened it to European trade. A clash with the French over property rights resulted in the issuance of an ultimatum to the island Queen in 1883. Three years later Britain recognized France's interests in Madagascar, but the Hovas continued to raise large armies, which led the French to reduce the native Government and occupy the island (1895).

While Malagasy is the *lingua franca* which unites the island's inhabitants, the Hovas have stronger social institutions than the other tribes and continue to feel that they are the superior race.

JAPANESE NEW YEAR:

Elaborate Fifteen-Day Ceremony Believed to Set Tone of Year

Statesmen grew gray while generals groaned, as their immediate plans in China weltered in confusion. The press fulminated: "War with the Soviet Union is our Destiny" and ranted of "driving Communism into the ice-bound regions of the north."

But most of Japan's seventy millions, from slender Emperor Hirohito to lowest coolie, from northernmost Wakkanai to Kagoshima at the south of Kyusho, forgot everything in beginning the fifteen-day Japanese New Year holiday.

Strolling entertainers and dancers began a two-weeks din of drums, posturing angularly in bristling lion-masks. Boys flew kites to satiation. Girls battledored the shuttlecock.

Prince—First performance of the year of any routine act is magnified to great importance. Three years old on December 23, slant-eyed little Crown Prince Akihito Tsugu, sitting for the first time between Emperor Hirohito and Empress Nagako in public, granted on January 1 his first audiences, not only of the year but of his life.

Three days, not one, of New Year's calls, took old and young Japanese under pine-branch-trimmed gateways of countless homes festooned with rice-straw, bitter oranges, and even the gay red of lobsters boiled in the shell.

In the *tokonomo* (alcove) of each house of men of substance, callers found tables laden with fruit, fish and vegetables, buffet, snack, *hors-d'œuvres* or *smörgesbord*.

Not to be broken until the eleventh of the month, however, was the conspicuous, circular *kagami-machi*, mirror rice-cake. Long life, prosperity, happiness are wished for everybody during the buffet munching.

Worship—As his predecessors have done since the middle ages, the Emperor repeats at New Year's dawn the formal worship of the gods of heaven and earth and, almost more important, of the spirits of his ancestors buried in the hills. Follows an early palace reception to court officials, statesmen, high-ranking Japanese diplomats, the top layer of officialdom.

Commoners, too, rise early throughout the land. Many climb in the morning dusk to hilltops to thrill in silence to the year's first Rising Sun, symbol of their race. First face-wash, in well or spigot water, is a wash in *waka-mizu*, water of youth. First writing, first reading, even first sleep of the New Year are thought to set the tone of all that follows.

On their first run, delivery wagons are preceded by squeaky music and fluttering banners. Children kneel to their first reading and writing with grave faces. Pedlers do a wholesale trade at evening in pictured "treasure-ships," to be slipped under what pass in Japan for pillows, that first dreams may be happy.

Another ministration by the Emperor to the spirits of the Imperial forefathers, an imposing ceremony called the *Genshisai*, marks the third day, and the end of the house-to-house visiting. Haltingly, business of living begins the fourth day of the fortnight.

Feasting—From palace to hovel, New Year's dinners make the fifth day a heavy one. And for the first time foreigners, foreign diplomats and distinguished visitors, are received by the Emperor.

End of the first New Year's week is almost a fast-day, when "gruel of the seven herbs" is sipped to shoo away mental and bodily ills for a twelvemonth.

Eighth is Army Day, first thundering march, reviewed by Emperor Hirohito on his white horse, of the armed might of *Dai Nippon* (Great Japan).

On the eleventh the round rice-cake is broken and eaten. The fourteenth brings down the rice-straw and pine-branch decorations. The bamboo-shoots thrust in the soil by the gates are pulled up. New Year's is approaching its end.

Fifteenth is the day of rice and red bean gruel, part of it held over for three days to be "eighteenth-day gruel."

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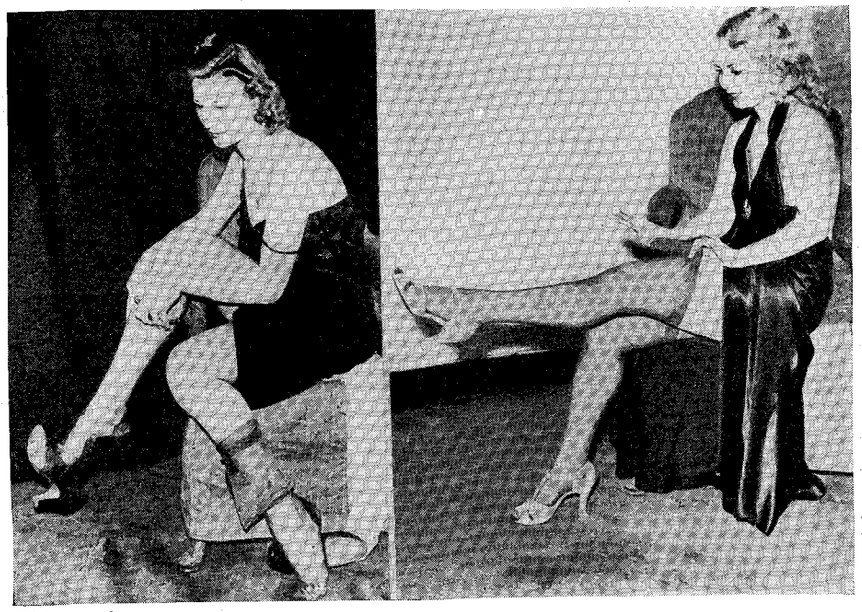
Parade

"I believe everybody should retire at sixty-four," declared **Albert Payson Terhune,** writer. "My father did, and the Army and Navy retire their officers at that age." Maintaining that he had toiled twelve hours a day, six days a week, fifty-two weeks a year since he was eighteen, Terhune said his retirement would limit him to writing "only one book a year and a few syndicated articles."

* * *

The world's first "**Undressing Academy**" will be opened January 10 in New York City. For $30, a course of six lessons, wives will be shown how to take off the clothes fashion experts have devised for them to wear. Maestro and leading light of the new institution is Allan Gilbert, twenty-six, producer of burlesque shows. Principals on his staff will be June St. Clair and June Taylor. Holding that at times divorces result from faulty undressing technique, Gilbert contends he is "dedicating my school to the sanctity of the American home."



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Undressing lesson: June Taylor shows the wrong, June St. Clair, the right way, to remove hose

* * *

Consuming ten three-pound chickens and fifteen pounds of dressing, **Mrs. Edna Mae Potter** walked off with the 1936 chicken-eating title of Los Angeles County, California. She was twenty drumsticks, twenty wings, ten chicken-breasts and necks ahead of her nearest competitor. Four male opponents gasped as she issued her victory statement: "Those chickens seemed to have a lot of bones."

* * *

"Only in the free air of democracy can a great theater develop," declared **Max Reinhardt,** Viennese theatrical producer-director. "For that reason I have left all work in Europe but my annual dramatic festival in Salzburg, intending to make this country my permanent home as a citizen of the United States. It is my belief that America will witness a new birth of the drama, a revitalization in the form of the great dramatic festival, in which the theater saw its fullest development." Reinhardt is now directing rehearsals of "The Eternal Road," religious play by Franz Werfel, production of which is reputed to have cost $450,000.

* * *

Because he became known locally for his "tall yarns," the late **Lewis T. Stone,** of Winsted, Connecticut, will have a bridge named after him. A crossing over Sucker Brook will perpetuate the memory of the tale-weaver whose specialties were legends about five-legged cows, three-headed chickens and the fragrance of January roses.

* * *

"I discovered that the Redfern disappearance in the Guiana forests has caused a lot of inconvenience to *bona fide* explorers and scientists," said **Hendrik de Leeuw,** explorer, returning from Dutch Guiana. "Unscrupulous explorers have seen in this Redfern incident a marvelous opportunity for getting American backers, in what is commonly known in the Guianas as a wild goose chase and hunger after sensational publicity."

* * *

Peter McFarlene, eighteen, and **John Taylor,** twenty, British mountain climbers, scaled the snow-covered Mount Popocatepetl, 17,794 feet high, in Mexico, after being caught in a blizzard near the summit. Then Indian guides lowered them in large baskets down the 550 feet through the blue sulfuric haze to the crater-floor of the volcano. The only hardship they complained of during the adventure was severe sunburn.

* * *

At the first attempt to motorize the gondola, laughing Venetians stood on the banks of the **Grand Canal** and jeered. "May the Madonna cure your paralysis," they shouted. "There's a live cat below your keel—dummy gondolier—three shots a soldo!"

* * *

Fresh acoustics will greet Representatives when they invade the House restaurant next month. Soup-sipping, laughing, dish-rattling, floor and nose-blowing sounds are all said to have been eliminated under the new process. Members had complained that their speeches were disturbed by the clatter from below.

* * *

Americans add to their language in four ways, maintains **Mitford M. Matthews,** Assistant Editor of the Historical Dictionary of American English. These are borrowing, self-evident compounding, twisting the meaning of old words and creating new ones. "We borrow everywhere," he said. "We picked up such words as 'shanty' from the French, 'cookie' and 'cruller' from the Danes, 'sombrero' and 'mustang' from the Spanish and 'wigwam' and 'tomahawk' from the Indians."

* * *

"My new works are irrational but possible," commented **Salvador Dali,** Spanish painter, on arriving in the United States. "Americans understand my art very well because they have a great thirst for irrational things. This same taste enables them to enjoy the Marx Brothers."

* * *

A "terrific" winter, the "toughest" since 1918, was predicted by **Capt. Cobus Kwaak,** veteran oysterman, in Boston. "It's going to be a horse and pung, red flannel, ear-muff winter—what I call a saw-tooth winter. Judgin' the way these blue-points have fattened up, and are snugglin' down deep into their beds, we'll have worse cold than we've felt in years, as much snow as we saw in '18."

* * *

With eight talking parrots, a dog, her husband and a friend, **Mrs. Collins,** of Darwin, Australia, drove the 3,320 miles across the continent to Sydney. The party drove straight into the heart of Australia's desert-like interior, much of which is still unexplored. "I cooked the meals and looked after the pets. I only took the wheel in sandy country, where both the men had to get out and push. One parrot cried 'Cocky wants a drink' throughout the sandy wastes, another cried, 'Poor Paddy.' "

* * *

The younger generation with its trailers, radios and electric ice-boxes has completely routed the "Romany Road," believes **Henry Arno,** Gipsy king, now wandering through Kansas. He admitted that next year his band would travel in trailers. There will be no more camp-fires, Gipsy songs in flickering firelight, no more sleeping under trees and no more cooking over coals. "Who wants a camp-fire," he asked, "when an oil stove will do?"

* * *

Dr. C. C. Pearson, History Professor at Wake Forest College, in North Carolina, told students that *Uncle Sam* was originally drawn long-legged because American people grew long-legged going west on foot; drawn slender because the average American is constantly worried and nervous. "The whiskers are typical of the person who is in such a hurry that he does not have time to shave," the Professor concluded.

* * *

Judge M. A. Musmanno, of Pittsburgh, Presiding Judge of Allegheny County Courts, will henceforth, he declared, give women defendants sentences only two-thirds as heavy as those given men for similar offenses. "Woman is made of a finer and more delicate fabric than man and thus reacts more sensitively to hardship and distress," he explained.

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AGE-OLD SEARCH FOR REJUVENATION

Newest Operation Promises Relief of Male Impotence Only

Dr. Serge Voronoff, last reported seeking a ten-year-old boy in whom he might transplant chimpanzee glands for the development of a superhuman type, last week might well have taken time out to study an article published in *The Journal of the American Medical Association.*

In it, Drs. Oswald S. Lowsley and James L. Bray, urologists of New York Hospital, reported the relative success of a new operative technique for the relief of male impotence. First performed nearly two years ago, the operation was reported to have restored virility in many cases, over a sufficient time interval to argue its permanence.

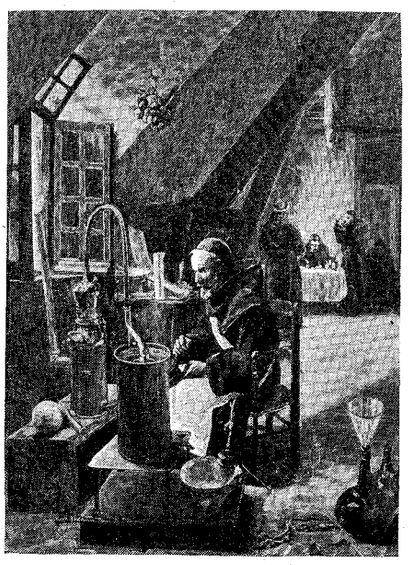
The operation does not turn back the clock of an aging man's life, is no fountain of youth or "rejuvenation" means. It claims merely to restore normal functions to patients whose virility has been interrupted by injuries, muscular deterioration, advancing age. The operation consists of shortening two muscles of the male, technically described as the ischiocavernosus and bulbocavernosus muscles, whose weakening predisposes to a certain type of impotency.

Past Furor — The treatment involves no goat glands or similar abracadabra, and is vastly different from the rejuvenating methods which swept the country some fifteen years ago with a fervor usually reserved for such mass hysterias as *mah jong* or jigsaw puzzles. Responsible for the furor were Dr. Serge Voronoff, Prof. Eugen Steinach, and, not inconsiderably, the popular novelist Gertrude Atherton. Voronoff was endowed with the more spectacular qualities of showmanship. His use of grafted animal glands for human rejuvenation captured the popular imagination.

Tall, broad-shouldered, long-limbed, Voronoff to-day is a man of sixty-eight, married four years to a wife now twenty-four. A Russian by birth, he remains impeccably Czarist, kisses women's hands on introduction. He is not a shy, cloistered savant, smokes expensive Turkish cigarettes, travels in a Rolls Royce, rents hotel rooms by the suite, finances his researches out of his own considerable pocket. He owns a chimpanzee farm, and his latest published work is a French volume on "Love and Thought Among Animals and Among Men."

Doctor Steinach . . . reactivation theory

Gland Grafting—Voronoff began his experiments in grafting the sexual glands of animals into human beings in 1919. He was a famous surgeon, a teacher at the College de France, a graduate of the University of Paris. His first efforts in the glandular "hopping-up" of the aged were greeted with much medical nose-tilting. But in the early twenties, when the hedge-hopping ebullience of some of his gland-grafted octogenarians stimulated public interest, he was awarded signal honors by the French medical profession. (At about that time, four San Quentin convicts, used for gland experimentation, demonstrated the potency of their anthropoid tissues by vaulting the prison walls and escaping.)

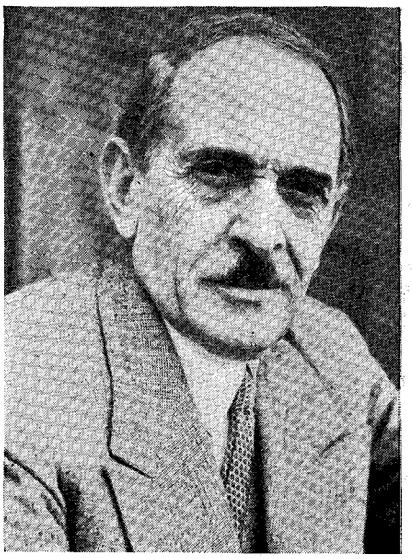


Alchemist of old . . . philosopher's stone

Voronoff's operation involves the actual grafting of animal glands into the human body. There they are supposed to stimulate and supplement the flow of sex hormones into the blood stream, apparently do so in many cases. Voronoff also implants glands in women patients. In its simplest form, the operation consists of implanting a small slice of animal gland beneath the skin of the abdomen. Striking results are often obtained; patients report a return of youthful vigor. But one fatal difficulty exists: glands are soon absorbed by the body, benefits disappear unless the operation is repeated.

Animal and Man—Early in his experiments Voronoff turned to anthropoid apes as a source of living glands, also used rams. As now practised, the Voronoff operation involves checking the blood-groups of the ape donor and the human recipient, just as is done in blood-transfusion cases. Rarely are human glands used instead of animal.

Last month, Dr. Hugh H. Young, Johns Hopkins University surgeon, described a striking case before the Southern Medical Association convention.



Doctor Voronoff . . . rejuvenation theory

A forty-eight-year-old man whose glands failed to produce normal hormones was the subject. A young, healthy criminal, soon to be hanged in the Maryland Penitentiary, was chosen as gland donor. As soon as the convict was cut from the gibbet, surgeons operated, removed his glands, rushed them to the hospital, where they were implanted in the patient within a few minutes. A startling improvement was noticed almost immediately; for two years the patient enjoyed normal vitality. Then, as the transplanted glands were gradually absorbed by his body, the stimulation ceased.

Life Span — Conservative medicos decry Voronoff's frequent newspaper interviews, scout his more sensational claims, but admit his experiments have been of tremendous interest to medicine. Scoffed at recently was Voronoff's statement that 140 years is the normal life span of man: animals, he says, live seven times longer than the time required to reach maturity. In man, this occurs in twenty years. Hence the species should live 140 years!

Undaunted by the spoofing of the gland-wise, Voronoff continues his experiments. Last fall he was quoted:

"My biggest plan is the development of a superhuman type by operating on a ten-year-old boy [grafting chimpanzee glands]. If any mother would entrust her child to me she might be the means of establishing a new type of human far superior to the normal man." Thus far no mothers or ten-year-olds have come forward.

"Reactivation"—Less prominent in the public mind, but looming even more importantly within the profession, Prof. Eugen Steinach developed his individual rejuvenation theories on the foundation of previous experiments of two French scientists, Ancel and Bouin. Not a surgeon himself, but an eminent Viennese physiologist, Steinach observed that the male sex gland has two distinct functions: (1) the production of spermatozoa for procreation; (2) the secretion of hormones.

By tying off the canal through which the spermatozoa are discharged, Steinach reasoned, the entire energy of the gland would be directed to the production of hormones. Hormones are the chemical agents that make a man a man; their dwindling from a

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Doctor Carrel gives authoritative hope

run-down fount makes a man an *old* man. Steinach's operation is simply the ligation or tying off of the spermal duct; the result which theoretically ensues is increased hormone production—*i.e.*, rejuvenation, or "reactivation," as Steinach more accurately prefers to describe it. The glands are not "youthified," but stimulated to resume normal activity.*

Doctor and Writer—In 1922 a white-bearded, pink-cheeked, sparkling-eyed *Santa Claus* arrived in the United States, unwittingly launching a rejuvenation boom. He was Dr. Adolf Lorenz, famed Viennese bone specialist credited with miraculous cures. Newspapers blaringly revealed that Lorenz, facing senescence, had been prevailed upon to take the Steinach treatment (tho Lorenz and Steinach were personally at swords' points). Immediately, the accounts read, he was a changed man, bubbling with energy; certainly his physical alertness testified to that fact.

Front-page headlines came to the attention of Gertrude Atherton, novelist, moping fretfully in bed during a period of mental sterility. She couldn't settle down to the business of writing, wondered if she had lost her grip, was growing old. The Lorenz account sent her flying to a New York physician of the Steinach school. She took rejuvenation treatments of X-ray type, coming out of them torpid, sleepy.

Then, as she reveals in her autobiography, came a period of furious mental and physical energy. Out of it emerged the novel "Black Oxen," with a rejuvenation theme. The boom was on! Women wrote her by the hundreds, demanding to know where they could obtain treatments.

Flood of Remedies—New methods sprang up overnight. Among those which were publicized, and to a considerable extent still are, are gland treatments taken by mouth, pills, mechanical rejuvenators, certain forms of radiation, radioactive waters. Other methods suggested include the ingestion of young human blood, diathermy, X-ray, ingestion of active serum from a bull, use of heavy water. (Discovered by Nobel Prize-winner Harold P. Urey, heavy water is thought to slow down normal chemical life processes. Some researchers believe heavy water in the tissues may tend to prolong youth rather than induce premature old age.)

Where does rejuvenation stand to-day? There are some thirty million people in this country over forty-five, facing oncoming old age—a vast group certainly not to be left to the mercy of mountebanks. There is still a tendency among many physicians to regard rejuvenation "cures" as psychological rather than physical; in many instances their judgment seems correct. Yet research continues hopefully in the field, every now and then announces the passing of a new milestone.

New Developments—In the most modern practise, injections of hormone solutions are made. In one method the gland substance of rams or bulls, reduced to a pasty consistency, is injected hypodermically. Results, while noticeable, are fleeting, vanishing as the substance is absorbed. It was only in 1935 that Dr. Leopold Ruzicka, Zurich chemist, succeeded in making the male hormones artificially. Last September

Doctor Lorenz was notable guinea-pig

he announced the synthesizing of hormones five times as strong as his first products. It is too early to say whether this opens up a promising new rejuvenating technique.

Dr. Alexis Carrel, Nobel Prize-winning biologist of the Rockefeller Institute (author of best-selling "Man, the Unknown"), struck out boldly in an address a year ago, suggesting that a human life span could be stretched out over an indefinite period by (1) placing human beings in a state of suspended animation, reviving them periodically; (2) retarding death by rejuvenation operations; (3) analyzing the conditions responsible for the aging of tissues; (4) studying the potentialities of the human body.

"The problem of rejuvenation is complex," Doctor Carrel warns. "It is not impossible that, in the course of the next two or three centuries, rejuvenating procedure will be brought within the reach of medicine."

The Lindbergh life-chamber apparatus, which Doctor Carrel devised in collaboration with Col. Charles A. Lindbergh, has enabled the biologist to keep whole organs —hearts, kidneys, livers—alive for an indefinite period outside the human body, yet functioning as if they were a part of it. Between such experiments and their practical application to the prolonging of human life, the rejuvenating of senescent body tissues, lies a vast gap whose bridging only the most venturesome would predict.

Age-Old Search—The search for rejuvenation goes far back into misty centuries, far beyond Ponce de Leon and the fabulous Fountain of Youth. Years before the Christian era, Chinese alchemists believed that jade, cinnabar, pearl possessed life-giving, rejuvenating properties. They attempted fruitlessly to devise preparations of liquid gold; these, it was thought, possessed magic powers of rejuvenation.

Something of this belief carried over into European alchemy, colored the fabled search for the philosopher's stone. This *ignis fatuus* was supposed to be capable of transmuting base metals into gold, but this was the least of its properties—it was also called *elixir vitae*, elixir of life, able of indefinitely prolonging life.

Throughout the middle ages, alchemists fruitlessly sought the philosopher's stone, unwittingly laid the foundations of modern chemistry. If their search for a magical rejuvenating principle is ever to be rewarded, it will doubtless be through the modern science of endocrinology. The ductless glands, pouring powerful hormones into the blood stream, are the great regulators of youth and age and personality. In 1889 Brown-Sequard, famed French doctor, announced his startling discoveries in gland treatments, claimed to have demonstrated in his own case the rejuvenating properties of gland substances taken by mouth. Since gland substances taken in this way are valueless, the benefits he noted were apparently psychological. But he had started a train of medical research whose eventual destination is as yet unpredictable.

The Future—"Unforeseen discoveries may suddenly open new possibilities in the field of rejuvenation," Doctor Carrel says. "The fight of men against death will perhaps succeed only too well. For the artificial postponement of death of a large number of individuals would be a far greater calamity than death itself."

To this conclusion Dr. Charles H. Mayo, of the famed Mayo Clinic at Rochester, Minnesota, appends a trenchant postscript:

"Who wants to live his life twice?"

Gertrude Atherton was inspired by Lorenz

*The Steinach operation is simple, can be performed in the office of a physician under local anesthesia in half an hour. Ligation of the sperm ducts, of course, means that the patient will be permanently sterile.

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PONTALITE: New Transparent Plastic Transmits Light Around Corners, Does Other Tricks

Proudly, last week, chemists of the vast du Pont research laboratories staged a Pontalite show for members of the New York Electrical Society. Pontalite, a crystal-clear plastic first announced last fall, performed well for engineers witnessing its official unveiling. Huge, glass-like balls of it were bounced harmlessly on the floor. A transparent sheet of it transmitted light around corners. Tricks were done with its quality of phosphorescence.

Altogether, the audience was pretty well convinced that an impressive rabbit had been pulled out of the chemical hat, a new dark horse entered in the tangled commercial race for plastic supremacy.

No caveman ever saw a plastic. Neither did any one else until a young man named Hyatt treated cotton cellulose with nitric acid and produced celluloid. That was in 1868.

To-day, if you are an average citizen, you are a plastics consumer without being acutely aware of it. Your fountain pen, watch crystal, shoe-lace tips, clothes-buttons, pocket-knife handle—even, if you possess them, your false teeth—are almost certain to be made of plastics. Last year, the plastics industry, purely a creation of man's synthesizing curiosity, had a turnover of $150,000,000.

Your automobile wouldn't have safety glass without plastics, and your radio wouldn't work so well. During the early days of the depression, manufacturers became conscious of the merchandising value of pretty packages, turned to plastics to replace corks, bottles, paper containers with molded plastic substitutes.

Wide Field—Yet even more impressive than the million-and-one applications of plastics are the uses to which they have not been put, but are ideally suited. Plastics have been suggested as excellent materials for house construction, interior decorating. Inside walls could be erected of plastic panels, tinted to any desired hue, would be warp-proof, wear-proof, washable, even portable should the housewife take a notion to move about the interior paneling, shifting rooms about as she does her furniture. Entire doors could be cast of plastics, wood moldings eliminated. Translucent or transparent plastics could be substituted for window-glass. Plastics could be applied to metal, wood or composition walls, if desired, to form a fireproof, chemically resistant coating.

Such a house was actually on exhibition at the Chicago World's Fair, the plastic used being Vinylite. The Vinylite floor tiles, tho scuffed by the feet of twenty million visitors, showed practically no wear. Color effects were striking, decorative effects novel. Yet no plastic house has been built commercially. For this there are two present reasons: cost, unwillingness of manufacturers to change horses, as by discarding metal fittings for plastics. Plastics cost from fourteen to thirty cents a pound.

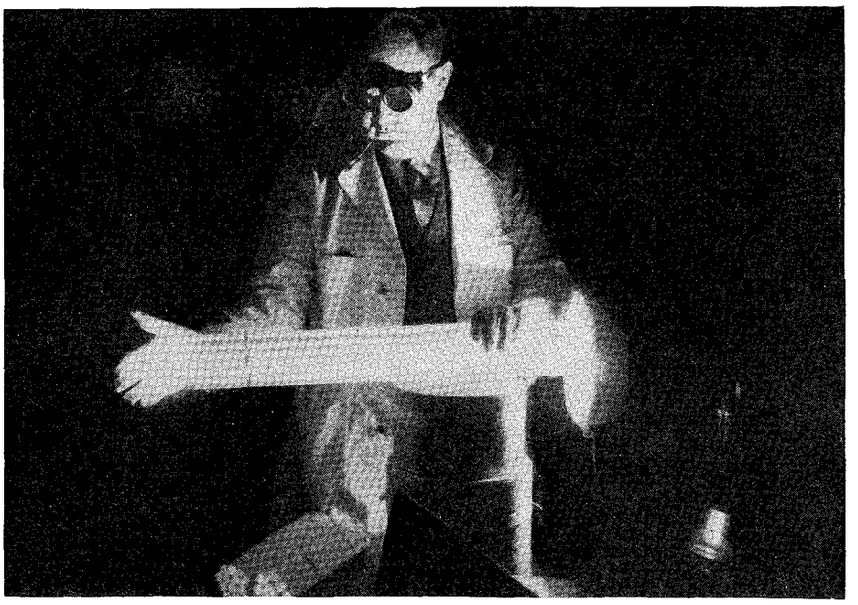
Competition—Possibly increased production will some day bring lower prices. Competition is furious within the plastics industry. Best-known plastic is Bakelite, widely used for electrical purposes, out of which your hand telephone, ignition distributer, radio panels are made. It is drab, dark-colored, yields to cast phenolics in other fields where brilliant colors count. Like du Pont's Pontalite, most plastics which take color well are basically transparent, range the spectrum by the addition of dyes.

Like many important discoveries, Bakelite was to some extent an accident. It derives its name from that of Dr. Leo Hendrik Baekeland, who, seeking a substitute for varnish, married carbolic acid and formaldehyde and produced the first phenolic plastic. Heated, these two chemicals produce a resinous liquid which hardens, is ground up, mixed with a filler, and can be molded into any desired shape under heat and pressure.

Doctor Baekeland, now seventy-three, lives in Yonkers, New York, philosophically accepts competition which has sprung up since the expiration of his basic patents in 1926 (he still has 400 plastic patents). Born in Belgium, Baekeland came to this country in his early youth, was financially independent at thirty-five. For this achievement he thanks Velox, a photographic print-paper known to millions of amateur snap-shotters, manufactured by Eastman Kodak Company. With the formula for Velox in his pocket, its qualities well demonstrated, young Baekeland went to Rochester to confer with the late George Eastman, truculently determined not to part with his invention for less than $25,000.

He settled, at Eastman's suggestion, for $1,000,000, thenceforward devoted his time to research and experiment.

Varieties—Celluloid and Bakelite are the two plastics most familiar to the public by name; other important ones include Pontalite, Pyralin, Ameroid, Durez, Plaskon, Catalin, Beetle, Vinylite, Unyte. Celluloid, the oldest plastic, in its modern form, cellulose acetate, is one of the newest. Cellulose acetate looks exactly like celluloid, but lacks its high inflammability. Hence its use as a base for photographic film, particularly motion-picture film. Safety glass depends upon cellulose acetate for its protective features, being fabricated by laminating a tough, transparent sheet of the substance between two sheets of glass, gluing it in place.



Pontalite: crystal clear plastic transmits light around a bend without lighting the sides

SCIENCE SHORTS

Pipe—Ask any group what transportation medium in this country carries the greatest amount of freight, on a ton-mile basis, and you will probably receive the correct answer: railroads. But ask what medium is second and you will almost certainly get the wrong answer. Motor-vehicles, electric railways, inland waterways, air-planes, all rank far below pipe-lines as tonnage carriers. Pipe-lines transport twelve times as much tonnage as motor-vehicles, which are third on the list. Every time you turn on a faucet, you tap the 211,000 miles of water-pipes on the continent. Gas-lines account for 312,000 miles of pipe in North America; petroleum, 100,000 miles; sewage, 425,000 miles.

* * *

Rust—An iron spade, left out in the rain, will rust by combining with the oxygen in the atmosphere. The product is ferric oxid. Ferrous minerals in the earth's crust eventually will absorb all the life-giving oxygen, warns Prof. Henry Norris Russell, Princeton University astronomer. But this rusty end of life on earth is not scheduled to arrive for a few billion years.

* * *

Boon—Most intriguing paradox of the week is a silent radio developed for people who don't want to listen to music. In the same room, one man can hear the radio while it fails to make a sound for his companion. It's done by bone conduction. In effect, the chap who wants to listen to the radio hooks himself up to the loud-speaker.

* * *

Light—Repeating matches have been developed in Sweden. Strike the match, light a cigarette, blow out the flame. Put the burned match in your pocket and when you want another light, strike it again. It will surprize you by flaring up a second time.

* * *

Gas—Can hydrogen gas pass through a steel plate three inches thick? Dr. Thomas C. Poulter of Armour Institute of Technology has proved that it can. But it requires pressures as high as 600,000 pounds per square inch to turn the trick.

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GEORGE VI IN LEFT-HANDED LEGION

Psychologists Hold Children Should Not Be Broken of Trait

Because of a superstition that anything seen or done on the left foreboded ill, was therefore to be shunned as unlucky, the left hand has been in disrepute for centuries.

A deep-rooted prejudice, use of this hand is confined by South African natives, for example, to all degrading acts. The Maori tribe of New Zealand considers it profane, uses it as little as possible. Romans had a word for it in the evil-sounding "sinister."

Conscious of an "ugly duckling" embarrassment in consequence of this perverse heritage, from 4 to 8 per cent. of the world's population have, willy-nilly, served out their appointed days, often with no small shame to their right-handed betters. Far from being maladroit, balmy or queer, some have been great personages.

Many of Egypt's Pharaohs were left-handed. So were most of Rome's Cæsars; the Biblical Benjamin, Alexander the Great, Charlemagne, Michelangelo, Leonardo da Vinci was so completely left-handed he wrote a backward stroke readable only with a mirror.

Royal "Southpaw" — Last week, right-handed columnists got off to a left-handed slant, found that the small and select clan of contemporary "southpaws" had at their head no less a figure than King George VI of England. Moreover, like the *élite* of left-handers, he was considerably ambidextrous.*

Early taking to his right hand, King George uses his left virtually in tennis alone. He is an expert rifle-shot, good at squash, a nimble boxer, and has awed caddies on the links with right-hand drives of 210 yards. While he still stammers, royal circles deny this is due to efforts to correct his left-handedness in infancy.

Why King George, like sinistral kinsmen the world over, is that way has long been a matter of divided opinion among medical scientists. Some hold that handedness, left or right, is an acquired trait, others that it is of congenital origin.**

The first school traces it to the way a child is held in infancy, to its social training, or possibly to its imitative instincts; the second seeks to connect it with the structural features of the human body.

The latter has several explanations: an unequal distribution in the two halves of the body which displaces the center of gravity, an unequal supply of blood to the two sides of the brain, functional predominance of one side of the brain, and the potency of the right eye. For instance, about 50 per cent. of left-handed people are also "left-eyed"; about 70 per cent. of right-handed are "right-eyed."

Brains—To many a psychologist and behaviorist, the most plausible of these postulates is the one that holds people are left-handed because they are right-brained. This is supported by the theory that the left hemisphere of the brain predominates in right- (or dextral) handers and the right in left- (or sinistral) handers. What happens here is the motor nerves that innervate the two halves of a body as they descend from the cerebral hemisphere cross over from one side to the other.

All skulls are structurally lopsided, contrary to the old-time phrenologists' claim of the perfect head. Persons with the right side of the skull more developed are generally more developed throughout the right side of their bodies,* including ears, limbs and feet. Yet they are left-handed. The opposite is true of persons with the left side developed.

Heredity—This fact alone, congenital theorists point out, suggests evidence of sex influence in handedness determination. From families in which one or both of the parents are left-handed, the percentage of left-handed children is 17.34 per cent.; in families in which neither of the parents is left-handed, only 2.1 per cent. of the children are left-handed. Two left-handed parents nearly always have a left-handed child.

If left-handedness were not inherited, not more than 5 per cent. of left-handed children would be found in any of these families, regardless of the handedness of parents, according to Herbert D. Chamberlain, Ohio State University psychologist.

Most psychologists agree that children should not be broken of left-handedness. They hold that a child forced to disturb the natural use of the hand he wishes to use will be nervous and uncomfortable. The higher percentage of left-handers in asylums for the insane is attributed to just this cause. In at least 11 per cent. of the cases, tests show, the children so tampered with will stammer or stutter. The reason is that the change disturbs the nerve-centers used in reading, writing and speech.

There is a difference of opinion here, too. Dr. Louis E. Bisch, New York psychologist, says no harm will ensue. The only thing that might ensue, he says, is that the child would stammer, temporarily. And stammering can be cured easily.

Proportion — Scholarly, white-haired Dr. Samuel Torrey Orton, famed New York psychopathologist, finds, on the other hand, that about forty out of every 100 children are naturally left-handed. Ten of these, he says, cling to their natural disposition, thirty shift handedness.

In his study of 500-odd cases, Doctor Orton found scores of parents who had changed children's handedness from left to right. He found only three who had tried the reverse.

One mother sat opposite her child at the dinner-table, attempted futilely to train her child along "unnatural" lines by confusing his left and right hands. Two fathers tried vainly to convert their sons into "southpaws," hoping they would some day make better baseball pitchers.

Advising parents to allow children to follow their tendency toward handedness, Doctor Orton suggests early ways and means to detect it: "footedness," the tendency to kick a football or start up a flight of stairs with one specific foot; "eyedness," in which the child's laterality is indicated by which eye he uses to squint through a knothole.

Athletes—Five per cent. of all golfers—about 100,000—are left-handers. Famed among them are Ted Hancock, Rhode Island champion; Dick Kilroy, Montana champion fifteen years ago; Rudolph Juran, Minnesota champion in 1931, and Howard Creel, Colorado open champion the same year. Last fall Ben Richter, noted left-handed professional, organized a national organization of sinistral golfers, staged a tournament for them in St. Louis.

Left-handed tennis players proudly count among them Kay Stammers, the English champion, and Mrs. Lawrence Harper, former Forest Hills champion. Baseball has been prolific in producing southpaws, a name which was reputedly coined by a sports-writer because an early Babe Ruth's left hand was on the south side as he pitched.

In boxing, James J. Corbett was not left-handed, but had an obsession in regard to training his left hand. Gene Tunney picked up this idea from him. Jack Dempsey strapped his right hand to his side, so that it was necessary for him to use his left.

The list of left-handed celebrities could run on interminably. Most of them hide their trait, give themselves away when shifting automobile gears, dropping coins in turnstiles, using sporting goods and shaking hands. To-day they are happy in the thought that nobody sensibly believes all of their cerebral cylinders are not clicking.

*Investigators at the Worcester State Hospital, in Massachusetts, announced last week that everybody's left side was warmer than the right side, but left feet or left hands were likely to be colder instead of warmer. While its cause has not been proved, they said it may be related to differences in the distribution of blood to different parts of the body, the parts that have the better blood supply being kept a trifle warmer than others.

Acme

Kay Stammers augments southpaw élite

*George VI's distant ancestor, Charles I, became ambidextrous to rid himself of the sinistral stigma. Psychologists point out that one in ten persons is ambidextrous, but most of them do not know it.

**An interesting side-light of this latter theory is that it originated in primitive warfare, where the stick or sword was wielded by the right hand in order that the left might be used for defensive covering of the heart.

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BULL MARKET IN BALLROOM STEPPING

Biggest Boom Ever, Says America's No. 1 Dancing-Teacher

Lowell Thomas is "shy," Lincoln Ellsworth is "weak-kneed," Octavus Roy Cohen has no sense of humor and Gene Tunney's footwork is terrible.

And that, says Arthur Murray, dance-teacher, is because they lose the calm self-assurance that brought them to the top of their chosen professions, once they set trembling foot upon the ballroom floor.

Arthur Murray's mother fainted when he told her he had decided to become a dancing-teacher. At twenty-three, a sophomore at the Georgia School of Technology in Atlanta, he found himself in need of extra pocket-money, so he whittled off a few hours from his Business Administration courses and taught his clumsier colleagues to dance. By the end of the year his pocket-money totaled $15,000; he dropped Business Administration.

Discount—Regular lesson rate was $4 an hour. "If I pay for six lessons in advance, will you give me a discount?" asked Enrico Caruso, one of his first pupils. "Sure," replied Arthur, excited to have so celebrated a pupil, "I'll make it six for $25!" Caruso handed over the money.

The Tech student fared so well with private pupils, he decided to give a correspondence course in dancing. He wrote advertisements, circulars and lessons and tried them out on everybody who would listen to him. William Jennings Bryan listened, but he wouldn't try the steps.

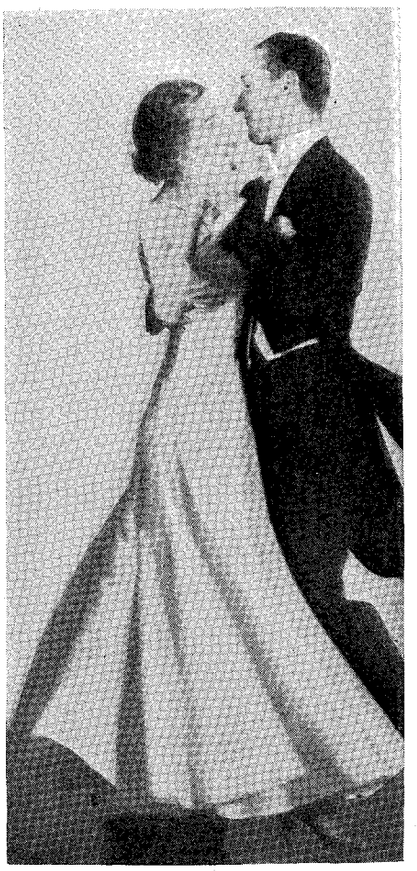
"But I'll tell you how to be sure you collect," the Great Commoner volunteered. "Make one set of lessons for the right foot and one for the left. When people write in for your course, send them one for the right foot and don't give them the left until you get the money."

To keep peace at home for a while, Arthur tried being an architect, a photographer, an advertising man, a hotel manager and a newspaper reporter, but wound up by teaching all the architects, photographers, advertising men, hotel managers, newspaper men how to dance.

Test—To-day, in his New York studios, 200 teachers are not enough to take care of the clamoring line of clients who want to learn to dance. Just anybody who can dance can't teach, however, so he gives his prospects the "Bernreuter Personality Inventory" test to see whether they are introverts, extraverts, or ambiverts.

Extraverts make the best teachers, ambiverts are good, too, altho a little less dominant. Introverts are often geniuses, but seldom successful dancing-teachers. There are 125 questions on the Bernreuter chart but Mr. Murray selects twenty-two key queries for ordinary testing purposes (see box). This is the most popular test now in vogue and Mr. Murray says it never fails if people tell the truth. Some of the biggest department stores use it on their executives before they promote them.

Robert Bernreuter, Ph.D., Stanford, who concocted the inventory, at thirty-five is Chief of Special Education in the Department of Public Instruction at Pennsylvania State College in Harrisburg. Not much of a dancer, tho.



Arthur Murray instructors: all extraverts

Murray dances with his prospective teachers and then watches them dance with other people. He says you can read character by the way a person dances; has made up a dozen "don'ts" for "him" and "her" on the dance-floor.

Him—1. Don't crouch when you dance. This shows a narrow, belligerent, jealous nature.

2. Don't hold your partner's hand with your palm upward. Grasp it with an overclasp to show dominance.

3. Don't be wooden-footed. Flick the feet occasionally. Humor, spirit, generosity, vitality show in the pedal extremities.

4. Don't try a dozen steps with a girl who knows only one. If you do, you are an egotist, to say nothing of an optimist.

5. Don't point the toes too obviously unless you want people to know you are conceited.

6. Don't stare into space with fixed eyes or dance one beat ahead of the music. This shows you are obnoxiously artistic.

7. Don't raise your elbows too high, it means you are proud and vain. Too low means you lack confidence, but moderately high shows that you are a go-getter.

8. Don't walk and push your partner ahead of you. This is dull and inconsiderate.

9. Don't flounder. Relax, but keep yourself together. This shows you have everything under control.

10. Don't be an arm-pumper. Do your setting-up exercises at home.

11. Don't talk if you can't talk and dance at the same time.

12. Be animated, but don't exaggerate. Honesty in step and stride show a broad forbearing personality.

Her—1. Don't hang on your partner. Balance yourself with your left hand back of his right shoulder.

2. Don't plod or put your heel down first and then your toe. This shows you are egocentric and self-assured.

3. Don't turn your toes outward or those who know will accuse you of being sensual and self-indulgent.

4. Beware the man who cups his palm over your back. It is a symbol of possessiveness.

5. Don't waltz and fox-trot exclusively. People will know you are strait-laced.

6. Don't dance with your shoulders. It shows you are coy and unreliable. Spend your energy in your feet.

7. Don't giggle or carry on long conversations. This shows you lack rhythm and are trying to distract your partner's attention. P.S.—It won't fool him.

8. Keep alert and be ready to move in four directions—but not all at once.

9. Don't wiggle. It is not pleasant to dance with a worm.

10. Don't wave your arms. You will probably miss the lead and stumble, and it shows you are temperamental.

11. Don't stick out in the rear. This throws excess weight on your partner's chest and is very bad form.

12. Keep the spirit of dancing free, generous, kindly and wholesome.

Pupils—In all his experience, Mr. Murray found only three out of 50,000 students who could not be taught to keep time.

Of some 5,000 more or less current pupils, the largest percentage are editors and publishers. Lots of them will deny it, he says, but he can prove it by their registration cards. "Name any ten best magazines or newspapers, and there will be a card of one of their executives in our file," he says.

Doctors are second. In Detroit, 300 of them have their own dancing-classes. Many of them prescribe dancing for their patients and some hold it cures excessive timidity, flat feet, round shoulders, insomnia, St. Vitus's dance and arthritis. But it makes chilblains worse.

Five of the eight floors of the Murray establishment at 7 East Forty-third Street, New York City, are devoted to men. So many business men now take lessons for exercise, and do it so strenuously, Murray has had to install lockers and additional showers.

"But men don't blush any more," he says, "and we don't have to run a special back elevator for them to slip in and out of as we used to a few years ago."

Craze—Fact is, the United States seems to be going dance-mad. More than 16,000 dancing-schools throughout the country (over 120 in New York City) report the largest enrolment of pupils they have had in twenty years. Schools in the South are so crowded additional floor space has been rented by many instructors for tango and rumba classes. They report that men and women say they can no longer "sit out" these dances because tango and rumba music has become too popular, and they would be sitting out half the evening if they made no effort to learn these steps.

The South has always laid claim to being the most dance-conscious region of the

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ARE YOU AN INTROVERT OR AN EXTRAVERT?

The Bernreuter Personality Inventory Will Tell You

Directions: Answer the following questions conscientiously by drawing a ring around "YES" or "NO." Do not cheat.

1. Do you day-dream frequently?	YES	NO
2. Do you often feel just miserable?	YES	NO
3. Do you consider yourself a rather nervous person?	YES	NO
4. Are you touchy on various subjects?	YES	NO
5. Do you feel self-conscious in the presence of superiors in the academic or business world?	YES	NO
6. Are you troubled with shyness?	YES	NO
7. Do you worry too long over humiliating experiences?	YES	NO
8. Do you get stage fright?	YES	NO
9. Have you ever had spells of dizziness?	YES	NO
10. Does it bother you to have people watch you at work even when you do it well?	YES	NO
11. Do you often experience periods of loneliness?	YES	NO
12. Are your feelings easily hurt?	YES	NO
13. Are you greatly embarrassed if you have greeted a stranger whom you have mistaken for an acquaintance?	YES	NO
14. Do you often find that you can not make up your mind until the time for action has passed?	YES	NO
15. Are you troubled with feelings of inferiority?	YES	NO
16. Does some particularly useless thought keep coming into your mind to bother you?	YES	NO
17. Do you lack self-confidence?	YES	NO
18. At a reception or tea do you feel reluctant to meet the most important person present?	YES	NO
19. Do your feelings alternate between happiness and sadness without apparent reason?	YES	NO
20. Do you worry over possible misfortunes?	YES	NO
21. Are you troubled with the idea that people on the street are watching you?	YES	NO
22. Do you keep in the background at social functions?	YES	NO
TOTAL	——	——

Add the score in both columns. If the total on the "YES" side is 14 or more, you are an introvert, which means you are quiet and reserved, more easily led than a leader; that you lack aggressiveness but might be a genius. If the total on the "NO" side is 14 or more, you are an extravert, which means you are the executive type; that you have initiative and usually get what you go after. A balanced score of 10 or 12 on either side makes you an ambivert, which means you are an even-keel person, sympathetic and understanding; that you can be determined, but prefer to act quietly rather than make a noise about it.

country, due in part to the numbers of preparatory schools, colleges and universities and their seasonal proms. Statisticians report the least amount of dancing in the Midwest, due, they aver, to religious scruples and sparsely populated areas.

In New England fewer grown-ups attend dancing-schools, but almost every moderately well-to-do family sees to it that the children receive instruction. Hence they grow up dancing and continue it most of their lives.

The last big dance-boom, authorities agree, was 1914 to 1916, when America seemed to be having a final fling before she decided to cast her lot with the Allies in Europe. The peak of that craze is comparable to the beginning of the present one, they say.

Musical comedies and dance movies have more effect on audiences to-day than formerly, for such types of dancing, in modified form, are now incorporated in the modern ballroom, and those who frequent the better hot spots of the town are forced to know the more intricate steps. Hollywood has exerted unprecedented influence on ballroom dancing, and credit for this goes largely to the team of Rogers and Astaire.

But Arthur Murray continues to be No. 1 tutor to the great American public.

Notables—In his private office is an autographed photograph of one of New York's richest and most prominent society girls, in the gown in which she was presented at Court in London. Mr. Murray almost never gives personal lessons, but this girl's mother insisted that none but he should teach her daughter.

"The fee will be $5,000," said Mr. Murray to discourage her.

"That will be perfectly satisfactory," said the mother.

A New York lawyer comes to the Murray School whenever he has a knotty legal problem on his mind. He dances it right off, but sometimes it takes a couple of hours. He says "How do you do" to his partner at the beginning of the dance, and as soon as the problem is solved he says, "Thank you," and goes away, smiling.

A prominent United States Senator on a visit to New York once took four dancing-lessons, entering through a side door. He was pleased as could be with the results, but insisted on a phony name* going in the records. He didn't want his political enemies to find out that while running for reelection he was learning the hesitation waltz.

More Notables—Mr. David Windsor has no such reticence. As the Prince of Wales, he led a parade of titled Britishers to the Murray School in 1924—Lady Diana Manners, Sir Richard and Lady Squires, Sir Julian Cahn, Lady Cubitt, wife of Bermuda's Governor-General, and a lot of others.

Prince Louis Ferdinand, once in line for the German throne, had six different teachers. Mr. Murray has taught lots of Dukes and Duchesses and Marquises, and even Princess Miguel de Braganza, whose husband was heir to the throne of Portugal.

About Countess Barbara Hutton Reventlow-Haugwitz, he says: "She can easily make a living by dancing professionally if the Woolworth fortune collapses."

Four of J. P. Morgan's grandchildren are "best dancers" at the Murray Studio, and Governor Lehman's little Hilda and Peter are very good. Another star pupil is eighty-one years old and he says he never danced a step in his life until now and he is furious because he loves it. There are thirty-two octogenarians in school now.

"There is no denying it," says Mr. Murray, "this is the biggest dancing-boom I've ever seen. More than 650,000 have already enrolled for our correspondence course, and we are up to our ears in work here. Yes, it certainly is a bull market for dancing."

*This year, 99 per cent. of the business men gave their right names when enrolling—a jump of almost 60 per cent. over a few years ago.

Stage and Screen

CLOWNING CADETS:

Comedy "Brother Rat" Scores Where Somber Plays Fail

Military schools, as forces for good or evil, stunned the imaginations of four dramatists last summer, resulted in three plays, two of them bitter as stale quinine; one, the newest, a carnival of fantastic humors and barrack-room ribaldry. The third and last was the only one to find favor. "Brother Rat" caromed into Broadway, stomped a clownish foot twice, and became a hit.

Earlier in the season vast ennui had been induced in patient audiences by "Bright Honor," a drill-ground play so festooned with spurious codes of honor that it swiftly became a bore, and "So Proudly We Hail," an inexpert wail against the rigors of cadet life in which a fiddle-playing idealist was transformed into a growling sadist.

No such preoccupations with gymnastics of the soul plague "Brother Rat." It is a skittish, romping comedy about Virginia Military Institute and makes no pretensions to more solemn emotions. It names V.M.I., often called the "West Point of the South," by name and makes a merry mock of the pig-iron discipline imposed on gun-toting students.

Scapegraces—The authors of this military rigadoon are John Monks, Jr., and Fred F. Finklehoffe, themselves once cadets at V.M.I., and, reportedly, the scapegraces of the campus. Dramatizing their experiences, they have evolved a swift and briskly impious farce which George Abbott, shrewd comedy-maker, has produced.

Three amiably mad cadets, roommates, tumble into and out of appalling perils and the sun never rises on a day that does not threaten them with dishonorable dismissal.

Sold—Mr. Abbott, who has sworn himself to produce one robust comedy each year, trembled in his producing office a few weeks ago. He had found no farce to succeed the amazingly successful "Boy Meets

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Brother and Sister "Rats": Wyn Cahoon, Frank Albertson, Mary Mason, José Ferrer

Girl." Frantic, unwilling to violate his oath, he seized the Messrs. Monks and Finklehoffe when they timidly walked into his office with a play manuscript.

"What is it?" barked Abbott.

"A comedy," they ventured.

"Sold," he cried, and began writing a check for $500, advance royalties.

"You haven't read it!" Monks protested. "How do you know it's good?"

"We'll make it good!" Abbott replied. Within a week it was cast, in rehearsal. In three and a half weeks it was in Baltimore, being tested; and even then gouging roaring laughs out of tryout audiences. A few mishaps were corrected in Baltimore, and it sailed into Broadway earmarked a hit.

Success—Three days after its première in New York, the authors stopped writing home for money, counted ahead on profits of at least $100,000 each, began looking for furnished apartments in the better areas of Manhattan.

Meanwhile, Abbott, scanning the favorable critical reviews, made a gesture to the critics. In double-column ads in all New York newspapers he thanked them for their good notices, announced he was making all critics Brother Rats.

Since then, Hollywood talent scouts have besieged Actors Eddie Albert, Frank Albertson and José Ferrer with picture offers, have not forgotten the Misses Wyn Cahoon and Mary Mason, their foils.

HAUNTING DRAMA:

Critics and Audiences Can't Forget War Play, "Johnny Johnson"

Critics of the New York theater tugged their black ties tight five weeks ago, trudged to the Forty-fourth Street Theater. The Group, avowedly liberal, never admittedly Left, was making "Johnny Johnson," fanciful antiwar play by Pulitzer-prize author, Paul Green, its first production of the season.

Green, after long thought and some confusion with himself, had written the story of the average sap, easy-going, faintly idealistic, a tremendous believer in truth and honesty, and what war did to a man like that.

When the final curtain fell there was a burst of applause for a persuasive, musicianly score by exiled German Kurt Weill, cheers for Russell Collins in the rôle of the earnest *Johnny*. For Green, there was polite handclapping. The audience was bewildered at some of his aims in the play, comforted itself by believing that it was Green who must have been confused.

The critics echoed this sentiment, lamented in kindly fashion the fact that a smacking play against war, in terms of the common man, had been distorted by irresolution on the part of the author.

Second Look—Rarely do critics ever go back to take a second look at a slated production, even when invited. Curiously, by last week most of the fourteen First Line critics had gone back to "Johnny Johnson" voluntarily, most of them had written second reports, confessing themselves "haunted" by certain aspects of the play. Three openly admitted finding virtues in it that had escaped them the first time.

The audiences in the first weeks were similarly distrustful, but among them hundreds have gone back for a second look. It has become a play no one can wholly approve but that no one can forget.

The hero, *Johnny*, U. S. soldier, escapes from a hospital with a flagon of laughing gas and invades a meeting of the Allied High Command. He gasses Foch, Pershing; Albert, King of the Belgians, and the rest, makes them sign an order directing cessation of hostilities. Back at the front, German and Allied soldiers cheer, embrace one another. But Pershing has recovered from the gas, bluntly orders the war to go on.

Johnny is returned to America, sent to a psychiatric hospital. There his fiancée renounces him, marries the soda-water king. Ten years later, *Johnny* is chairman of a debating society in the asylum. Crazed men work off their violences by talking about their hates in open forum. *Johnny*, restored to sanity, is released, sells toys on the streets to live.

Armistice Day, a tubby Boy Scout, eager to do a good turn, gives him a nickel. It is his ex-fiancée's son. The play ends with *Johnny* warily hawking his toys, beaten by a combination of patriotism, greed, war and a shallow romance.

FILM "CAMILLE": Greta Garbo and Robert Taylor Provide an Orgy of Emotion

The theater's most expert throat-tightener, a swatch of plush melancholy warranted to start a freshet of tears every time its sure-fire heart-break is performed, "Camille," never was pure gold in the cinema. Norma Talmadge, suffering with noble beauty for all eight reels of it, attempted it in the early 1920's. Her silent version brought furtive tears rather than a gush.

It now comes from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, complete with sound effects, some caloric love-scenes and excellent performances by Greta Garbo, as the exalted drab, and Robert Taylor, the screen's current catnip, as the *Armand* awash in romance.

Bob Lewis plays the confused, moving hero of the fanciful "Johnny Johnson"

The Hollywood preview was an orgy of sniffles and tears, but astute showmen pointed out that just two hours earlier King Edward had abdicated and this might account for some of the high-voltage audience emotion. In any event, the picture is certain to be profoundly affecting, with or without an abdication as lachrymal impetus.

The whole roster of leading women, starred and unstarred, could have been combed without finding one more eminently right for the title rôle than Garbo. This brings about the real possibility that her *Camille* is her best acting rôle to date.

It is as unnecessary to tell the plot of "Camille" as it is to detail the Gettysburg Address. Enough that there has been no tampering with the main plot, it follows its sweeping course from the beginning, when *Camille* and *Armand* meet, to the tragic ending.

George Cukor, directing with skill, has permitted a pair of romantic scenes which probably will be snipped out by censors before the public has a look at this picture. No member of the preview audience resented them.

From the theater of Broadway, as *Olympe*, Lenore Ulric brings astonishing realism to the rôle of *Camille's* most consistent rival. In the end, whole audiences will hate her heartily as she carefully buys *Camille's* jewels, one by one, thus keeping the heroine barely alive. The revenge motive is made so clear, the villainy is so apparent, that the fine quality of the performance will be overlooked by wrought-up cinema goers.

Taylor undoubtedly will soar to new heights after "Camille" is released, assuming that there are any loftier peaks of popularity remaining.

This picture and his command of it will make him the No. 1 leading man on the Metro lot.

It is a beautiful picture, wringing wet with tears. It ought to give satisfying fits of weeping to all, no matter what it may do in a critical way.

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GLOBE-TROTTING MODERN VIRTUOSOS

Artists Cover Continents Between Recitals, Planes a Boon

In the whirl of the current concert and recital season, musicians of necessity become great gadabouts. Time was when the hackneyed "inveterate traveler" shaped pictures of the inevitable "drummer."

To-day, that "drummer" isn't limited to a standard symphony orchestra's percussives—tympans, cymbals and triangles. The business-like looking chap in the next seat of the Spokane-Seattle transport-plane may be a *virtuoso* of the violin, *maestro* of the baton or even a ballad-singing tenor, hustling to fill an engagement.

As world-wide demands for the best in music increase, artists cover continents between recitals. There isn't any form of transport which isn't used by outstanding musical personalities. With travel a basic facet of their scintillating careers, musicians have become as travel-wise as the most skilful time-saving salesmen.

Ralph Morgan

Jascha Heifetz finds inspiration in the air

Heifetz—For Jascha Heifetz the way the crow flies is the shortest distance between two points. So he invariably travels by airplane. Many an air-port mechanic knows him as he flits from city to city, priceless Stradivarius in its case dangling from his talented bowing hand.

This Polish *virtuoso* likes to get a seat next to a window so he can sit back and watch the world flash by. He finds the sensation of being aloft, scooting along over fleecy cloud-banks, an inspiration.

Melchior—Another devotee of aerial travel is Lauritz Melchior, towering Danish tenor of the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York. He and his wife, Maria Haaker, former Continental screen star, are inveterate travelers. They count a trans-atlantic trip to South America in the *Graf Zeppelin* their most thrilling travel experience.

Enlisting the aid of fellow passengers, they while away hours playing bridge. Wherever they go, they seem to find societies of Scandinavians, voluntary exiles from the Northland, who beset them with teas, dinners, banquets and charity gatherings.

Mr. Melchior usually accepts with the stipulation that festivities must not alter time-tables or cramp his connections. When he does accept a dinner invitation he doesn't cause any headaches for the cooks, for he does not diet, eating heartily and taking extra helpings of countless snacks at the *smörgasbord* (literally, "groaning-board") beloved of Nordics.

Arriving in London several seasons ago for a Wagnerian cycle at Covent Garden, the Melchiors passed an afternoon in an orgy of shopping and sightseeing, for the Danish tenor was not scheduled to sing that night. At six o'clock in the evening, however, he received a call from the opera-director asking him to substitute in "Lohengrin" for a tenor who was ill.

The giant Dane ate a hearty dinner, finished a long cigar and sang an uncut version of the mighty Wagner opera.

Since they missed a plane at Detroit, the Melchiors are fatalistic about traveling. They had ordered a car to drive them from their hotel to the air-port, but this failed to appear. In desperation, they took a cab, reaching the air-port just as their plane was vanishing in the distance.

A few hours later they heard that the plane had crashed, killing all on board. Nothing daunted, they were aboard the next outgoing plane.

Lehmann—To Lotte Lehmann, Metropolitan Opera soprano, there is no bed more comfortable than an American Pullman sleeping-car berth. Her husband gave her one this Christmas. It will be installed in her home in Vienna.

The golden-voiced Austrian soprano never travels without her two dogs and a gallery of family photographs clamped in a long leather case. Before each performance she kisses each picture. She would rather sing off pitch than go on the stage without completing these rites.

For Madame Lehmann travel must be taken with philosophic resignation. She passes much of her time on a train writing. Aboard ship she may be on the sundeck reading or working on her second novel.

Ormandy—Eugene Ormandy, Philadelphia Orchestra Conductor, finds life so hectic and enervating that he prefers slower means of transport. Invariably he selects an eight- or ten-day boat when he travels to Europe. This dynamic young conductor believes that fullest benefits are obtained from travel by going slowly.

Also, he is an enthusiastic candid-camera snap-shotter with a collection of photographs from all over the globe. Naturally, he can't be in too much of a hurry when collecting scenery.

Usually the young *maestro* picks the mountains for holidays. Last summer he was at Strobl, in the Austrian Tyrol, where buggies and bicycles were his swiftest transportation.

Rethberg—Glamourous Oriental travel delights Elisabeth Rethberg, Metropolitan Opera soprano. Last summer, on her way to Australia for a concert tour, she stopped off at Port Said, Cairo, Bombay and Ceylon just to see the sights and sniff the somewhat tawdry aromas of the unchanging East. Her most thrilling experience was going through the Suez Canal.

The question of wardrobe complicated matters, for she was going from temperate Central Europe, through the torrid tropics to the antipodes, where the seasons are reversed.

Pons—One singer who frankly hates to travel is Lily Pons. She usually becomes ill in any sort of conveyance. She has found that the air-plane cuts travel-time to the minimum and that, aloft, she is less likely to feel queasy.

It is the actual getting from place to place which annoys her. Once at her destination, her interest revives and she gads about with the excited eagerness of a youngster. Recently, in St. Louis, she whiled away several hours at the zoo, riding an elephant, teasing monkeys.

Thirteen, a pet superstition, is her lucky number. She always tries to get a stateroom, compartment or seat with the number including thirteen.

Ralph Morgan

Lily Pons welcomes Andre Kostalanetz

Musikonsky—Even a thirteen-year-old violinist, Paul Musikonsky, isn't too young to be thrilled by his musical travels.

In a recent tour of the Near East, Master Musikonsky wandered from his companions. A Bedouin chief found him. After entertaining the nomadic tribesmen by playing for his supper, the young violinist was surprized to receive an offer of marriage from the sheik's daughter.

She had become infatuated with the youngster and his music.

His forthcoming concert tour through Egypt, Syria, Palestine, Central Europe and England arouses his greatest enthusiasm, attributed to the "gipsy in me."

There is a good bit of the gipsy in all modern musicians, who take their songs everywhere much more swiftly than did the troubadours of the middle ages, tho the same wanderlust has gripped them all.

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Letters and Art

DRAWING THE LINE ON BAWDY BOOKS

Problem Difficult for Lawmakers and Courts; Publisher Guilty

Twenty years or so ago, young and dapper James J. Walker, on the first run of his career as a politician, arose in the New York State Assembly in Albany to make a speech. He was protesting against a bill to make book censorship more stringent. Walker summed up his telling argument with the remark:

"Moreover, I have never heard of any girl who was ruined by a book."

Tho the bill was defeated, there were those who did not agree with the ambassador of the wise-crack. There are those who still don't. There is a fairly potent minority which believes firmly and sincerely that the printed page can do as much damage as the city slicker of old-time fame and fable spread among innocent country folk.

Their battle is not alone with the outright obscene and pornographic. They would also outlaw the currently popular (critically acclaimed as a mirror of these times) school of hard-boiled, plain-spoken writing, which thwacks sentimental phrase-making into the limbo of the mauve decade, which it, in turn, reflected.

But if the minority succeeds in keeping *literati* of the land free from potential ruin —mental or otherwise—through stricter legislation, it will have to bow its thanks to purveyors of the obscene.

Prison—From them stems the strength of the reformers' argument, and last week saw a chink in the ever stronger moral armor neatly tightened. A publisher was found guilty in New York of manufacturing and distributing obscene and pornographic literature. He was sentenced to three years and twenty days in jail, with the presiding judge thanking the jury, and recommending stricter legislation for such cases. It was a magnificent Christmas gift to those who would like to see a return to the era of mawkishly sentimental novels.

The legal definitions of obscenity and pornography,* like personal definitions, long have been vague. The law's interpretation is: "Matter that tends to arouse lustful or lecherous desires, or may impair the morals of those whose minds are open to such influences." But lawyers admit that what may seem to be such matter to one judge means something entirely different to another.

D. H. Lawrence, in his essay, "Pornography and Obscenity," points out: "What is pornography to one man is the laughter of genius to another." His "Lady Chatterley's Lover" was deemed obscene by one judge and banned from publication. Another interpreter of the law found his "Women in Love" entirely printable, after a long court row.

Transition—All but the would-be censors agree that what people look on as obscene to-day may, in the future, seem not even bawdy. Puritans were shocked by Shakespeare's "Hamlet" in Cromwell's day. John S. Sumner, who carries the torch for the late Anthony Comstock as President of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, admits that time is an important element in deciding what is obscene. Altho he personally finds Rabelais a writer of the bawdy school, he does not believe his writings would excite lustful thoughts in readers of the present generation.

"You can not put yourself in place of those characters the way you can in a book that deals with the present scene. And not many young people read such classics—not even Shakespeare."

But regarding Joyce's "Ulysses," recog-

* Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary defines obscenity: Offensive to chastity, delicacy or decency; expressing or presenting to the mind something that decency or delicacy and purity forbid to be exposed; offensive to morals; indecent; impure. Offensive to the senses; foul; disgusting; lewdness. Pornography: Description of prostitutes and prostitution in relation to public hygiene. The expression or suggestion of the obscene in speaking, writing, *etc.*; licentious art or literature.

Wide World

John S. Sumner, vice authority and Nemesis of books, admits standards are changed

You're going through the worst winter months right now—

Is your general *resistance* good?

This is to remind you that next month—February—is the worst time of year for winter conditions. That's when they're likely to be more severe and to last longer than at any other time.

Studies have been made to help people avoid these common, winter discomforts by finding out exactly which months of winter are the most hazardous. They point to a definite relation between the prevalence of these conditions at *the end* of winter and the *low general resistance* so many people have then.

Has that been your experience? Is your general resistance low after a strenuous winter? If so, there's no need to wait until you're affected. Begin *now* to prepare yourself for the weeks just ahead!

Taking something *every day* to help build general resistance is a first step. And to many people, that means taking *Adex*.

Adex will give you Vitamin A, which contributes *more than any other vitamin* to good general resistance. It also provides extra "sunshine" Vitamin D.

Both vitamins come from *natural* sources like cod and halibut liver oil. Begin now with Adex and take it *every day*. Have it at your breakfast place regularly. Get Adex at any drug store. Made by E. R. Squibb & Sons, manufacturing chemists since 1858.

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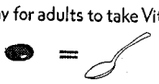

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nized as a twentieth-century classic, Sumner feels totally different. When three years ago Federal Judge John M. Woolsey admitted the book into the United States for publication—finding that the "effect of 'Ulysses' on the reader undoubtedly is somewhat emetic, nowhere does it tend to be an aphrodisiac"—Sumner feared the flood-gates were down.

"The only thing that saved us was that the book was too dull to be read," Sumner said. "Had it been less weighty, it would have caused more damage."

Bootlegging—Publishers of erotica depend largely for their sales on circularizing customers through the mails. Only in large cities can one buy obscene books, and then only—as applied to liquor during prohibition—if a person "knows a guy who knows a guy." Investigations, followed by arrests and convictions, are made after a complaint has been issued. Most of these complaints are anonymous. G men, along with their gangster and other duties, are now making war on publishers who mail or express pornographic literature from one State to another.

Contrary to popular belief, forbidden books have no monetary value as collectors' items. Because they can not be copyrighted, nothing prohibits a rival publisher from issuing an exact—as to text—edition of a salacious book that another house has found profitable. Nor is there much money to be made from printed obscenity. The publisher will unload as many books as he can for whatever he can get for them. In turn, the bookseller can set no fixed price.

Thus, censors, altho they have been unable to check the steady flow of border-line books, take delight in the fact that obscenity, like crime, does not pay.

MYSTERY STORIES: Voracious Readers' Swiftly Changing Tastes Keep Publishers on Jump

Philo Vance
Needs a kick in the pants.

So tongue-in-cheek Ogden Nash took a widely appreciated poke at America's suavest fiction detective. But, undismayed by the Nash rime, S. S. Van Dine, Dorothy Sayers and Agatha Christy continue to turn out mysteries for a devouring public. Last year, "The Kidnap Murder Case," latest appearance of *Philo Vance*, was one of the few "whodunits" to reach the best-seller list—no easy task, as any publisher will admit.

Cause of all publishers' grief is the transitory taste of most mystery readers. They consume a book in two hours, and appear next day at the circulating library with an inevitable:

"Any new mysteries to-day?"

This rapid sucking-dry of the mystery orange, and demand for a fresh one creates untold despair in publishing circles. No book stays before the fickle public eye for more than eight weeks, unless it is a Van Dine, or something tricky like "Crimefile." During its brief two months of life, a murder story must earn enough on the standard 10 per cent. royalty rate to insure its author a livelihood.

Furious Sales—Few mysteries these days sell more than 2,000 copies, so fast and furious is the pace. Uncommon, indeed, is the mystery that is not completely forgotten three months after publication.

Corpse—case—death—murder—killing—mystery jackets must stimulate jaded readers and provide catchwords for the public eye . . . after the publisher is caught

Not only does the jaded reader insist on a new murder every night, but also on one with a new twist. He is tired of straight shootings by misguided maiden aunts. His murder must be full of clues, but not too obvious. On the other hand, he will not accept anything fantastic.

In this he is much stricter than his English cousin, who swallows the most lurid trap-door, Chinaman-filled shocker. For American taste a mystery must appear very plausible and utterly realistic. Yet not too realistic. Authors who despaired of turning out more straight mysteries have attempted to dangle G men stories before mystery fans. But to no avail. To date, no successful G man yarn has been pawned off on the mystery reading public, and no attempt to create a G man detective has succeeded with other than funny-sheet or dime novel readers.

Wary Publishers—Where American authors have turned to the forbidden of detective stories—the English-beloved spiritualism, servant-killers and secret societies—they have met with little success. This attempt to sneak under the wire has availed them little because publishers for the most part refuse to consider such manuscripts. Dodd, Mead, specialists in mystery fiction, won't read narratives that have either Chinamen or secret Malayan poisons. Other publishers are less emphatic, contending they will accept any kind of mystery-story as long as it is good. But most of them do so only once.

To date publishers have discovered only one way to retain their arrogant readers. When authors invent a nice lovable detective, they can turn out volume after volume in which the hero appears, and have him solve most ordinary murders.

Heroes—Popular, with a devoted following, is *Charlie Chan*, who, since his author's death, has appeared in endless movies.

Other detectives who get their murderers include Carolyn Wells's *Fleming Stone*, Agatha Christy's little psychologist *Hercule Poirot*, the successor of *Sherlock Holmes* in *Doctor Thorndike* of R. Austin Freeman. Also, there is the newly created *Doctor Tancred* of G. D. H. and Margaret Cole, who, in spare moments, toss off economic treatises on "What Everybody Wants to Know About Money."

Of no less importance in snaring a wary public is a good eye-catching title that may say anything as long as it stops this side of being revolting. Words that register automatically with the readers are: *corpse, case, death, murder* and *killing*. Some of the recent captions have been "Murder Without Mourners," "Death at Breakfast" and "The Corpse With the Floating Foot."

Catchwords—In a powerful effort to stay in the public eye, writers snatch upon one of the catchwords as a particular branding-iron. All S. S. Van Dine stories end in "Murder Case." R. A. J. Walling always starts with "The Corpse." Erle Stanley Gardner uses "The Case of."

One of the most prolific writers is Erle Stanley Gardner, who lives somewhere on the West Coast. (Publishers William Morrow & Co. are not sure where, for Gardner travels about in a trailer.) Whenever he feels a murder yarn coming on—and it is very often—he hops in his trailer with two secretaries, bow and arrow, and makes for the murmuring pines and the hemlocks. Soon a manuscript is rolling into his publisher's office. The only way Morrow can limit his output is by paying for only three mysteries a year.

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As this Department receives a great many more inquiries than it can publish, only such of these as appeal to the Editors as of general interest to the greatest number of Readers are printed.

To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers who require immediate attention will receive it if they enclose a stamped return envelop. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

money, wealth.—"J. F. M.," Chappaqua, N. Y.—That *wealth* consists of *money* or of gold and silver is a popular error which derived from the fact that *money* is a common medium of exchange and measure of value in trade. The ownership of much *money* constitutes only one form of *wealth*.

However, the original meaning of *wealth* was "well being; a happy state or condition of life; prosperity as opposed to distress," but by degrees this meaning was expanded to embrace material property and all utilities that result from the labor of man and are consumable by him. Later it was applied to a large aggregate of real and personal property, and ultimately came to mean *riches*.

On the other hand, the word *money* has been used since about 1250 for *coin* considered in its relation to its purchasing power, and since 1300, in its character as a medium of exchange and measure of value—BUT in his "Wealth of Nations," Adam Smith held, as long ago as 1776, that "*Wealth* and *money* are, in common language, considered as in every respect synonymous." (*iv*, i, ¶ i.)

Money used for *wealth* can be found in Froude's "Cæsar" (*xviii*, 301)—"He already owed half a million of *money*." We mean *wealth*, too, when we say of some person, "He'll come into a lot of *money* some fine day."

Affluence, opulence, riches should be used only of material possessions. With the greater part of rich people, the chief enjoyment of *riches* consists in the parade of wealth which is never complete unless it bears the decisive marks of that opulence which nobody can possess but themselves.

score, underscore.—"B. H. C.," Atlanta, Ga.—*To score* a passage means to obliterate it, as by drawing the pen through the passage thus to be canceled. *To underscore* a passage means to underline a passage, as by drawing a pen under the words thus to be indicated.

sibling.—"L. N.," Brooklyn, N. Y.—The use of the word *sibling* as cited is not an accurate one. The word is a technical term, and is not ordinarily used in a non-technical sense. It is defined: "Each of two or more individuals born to the same parents but not at the same birth; *occasionally*, each of two or more individuals having one parent in common." The meaning, "a relative," is now obsolete. As instances of the use of the word in technical literature may be cited "The Journal of Philosophical, Psychological, and Scientific Methods" (Sept. 28, 1905), in which E. L. Thorndike wrote: "The resemblance of twins in mental traits is roughly twice that of ordinary *siblings*." In the publication *Nature* for Nov. 15, 1930, the following appeared: "A few were odd twins who had a brother or sister at school, and the remainder were either *siblings* of twins, or pairs of *siblings* unconnected with twins."

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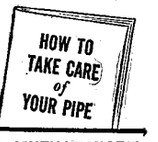

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DIETARY LAWS OF "THE ROYAL TABLE"

Survey Shows Only 15 Per Cent. of Nation's Jews Eat Kosher

In the rush of daily life, the average Gentile notes scant difference between any two of the 4,228,029 Jews in the United States. To him they dress, talk, walk very much like one another, eat according to a food system known as *kosher,* which has been inseparably bound up in the New World, as elsewhere, with Jewish culture.

That this latter is far from the case today was the remarkable revelation made in an inquiry last week following publication in the world's largest Jewish city—New York—of a little red volume entitled "The Royal Table" (Bloch Publishing Co., New York; $1.25), which is the first popular compilation in English of the ancient Jewish dietary laws.

Not more than 15 per cent. of the nation's Jews are strict observers of the orthodox food laws, which, in truth, form the external basis of Judaism; 20 per cent. observe some of the laws some of the time; 65 per cent. ignore virtually all of the laws most of the time.

Categories—Jews are divided into three classes: the Orthodox, the Conservative and the Reformed. If one from each category, to illustrate the difference, boarded a Pullman diner at Union Station, Chicago, bound for New York, they would eat in this manner:

The Orthodox Jew would brush the menu aside, unpack his own lunch, *kosher*-prepared in his home kitchen: the Conservative would eat only uncooked vegetables, fruits, coffee and tea without cream; the Reformed would probably order *trefah* items prohibited by Jewish food laws, dine to his heart's content on lobster and roast beef and wash it down with a forbidden glass of milk.

Upon arrival in New York, the Orthodox Jew would find only about twenty sizable restaurants, which in the opinion of the Jewish Theological Seminary there are strictly *kosher,* could eat in a large hotel with full sanctity only if there was a banquet.

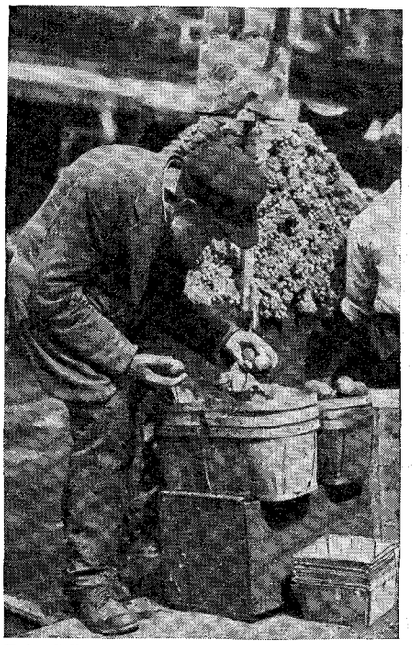
If he were a guest of any of the 1,765,000 Jews of the city, he would be lucky to find 50 per cent. eating *kosher* at home; if he dined out with them he would find a choice among only 25 per cent., inasmuch as 75 per cent. of the metropolis's Jewish population falls in the Conservative and Reformed classes, with two-thirds making up the latter.

Breakdown—What has happened is that the Jew, only a hundred years out of the isolation of the European ghetti, has seen the tempo and flow of America's modern industrial life break down the rigid barriers between Jews and Gentiles, kick his cumbersome dietary rituals into a cocked hat. To keep up with the pace, it is easier to go Reformed with its worship of Judaism adapted to eight-cylinder cars, subways and cafeterias.

"The Royal Table," with its maze of dietary prohibitions, shows why. Work of Rabbi Jacob Cohn, twenty-eight, graduate of the University of Michigan, the Hebrew Theological College (Chicago), and a student at the Universal Yeshiva (Jerusalem), this pocket-size tome makes Jew and Gentile reader alike wonder that *kosher* still is a word to 4,000,000 people in the U. S. A.

Basic idea behind "The Royal Table's" rules is the Jewish religious principle that a table set for a meal is as holy, in its way, as the altar of a synagog. Food served must therefore be prepared with the same strict care with which the high priest once made burnt offerings in Solomon's Temple in Jerusalem.

Origins—Two fundamental precepts are found in most of the dietary regulations. Man, according to the Bible, was originally vegetarian, forbidden to eat animals, which



Ewing Galloway

Elders follow Orthodox eating rules

were part of the divine scheme, but became a meat-eater when Noah emerged from the ark, found no fruits or grain in his flood-soaked world.

Promptly, God decided to complete His world-plan, chose the Jews as rulers, and caused priests to be appointed who could preside over the fare for the so-called Royal Table.

Springing from the five Mosaic books of the Bible known as the Pentateuch, these food laws rest chiefly on what is regarded as clean and unclean, were made intelligible to modern Jewish masses by the great codifier Maimonides. This dietary code is called "*Shurchan Aruch.*"

Laws—Considered by many a Jew as a matter of test of faith in God, the laws in brief banned:

1. All animals which did not have cloven hoofs and did not chew their cuds, and all animals which were not slaughtered ritually; animals mutilated while alive; the "sinew of Jacob"*; the loose, exterior fat of animals, known as *cheleb,* and the blood of animals.

2. The fruits of cross-bred vines and grains; the first three years' fruit of a tree; new grain before the *omer* is brought; untithed produce, and the dough-portion of bread.

3. Gentile wine, bread and milk, and other unorthodox items.

There is a difference of opinion as to the definite purpose of these rules. Some students think their purpose was to keep the Jewish people apart from Gentiles; others, such as Rabbi Cohn, stress especially their hygienic import. There are seventy defects which can make an animal *trefah.* Some Rabbis think that the ban on fat was to prevent overindulgence in eating, that blood, considered too gross for food, is the seat of many microbes. The Israelites in the Wilderness were forbidden to slay cattle for food, but they might slaughter them ceremonially as a sacrifice, sprinkle blood and burn fat on the altar, then eat the meat, thus setting the precedent for present-day Jewish rules for slaughter of *kosher* food.

Slaughtering—Most complicated part of the food laws is the business of *shehitah,* or slaughtering. The great Jewish center of this ritual is New York, where 75 per cent. of the meat slaughtered is killed under *kosher* regulations, tho only part of this is sold to Jews. "Porging," or removing the *trefah* "sinew of Jacob" from the animal's hind quarters, is so difficult that only fore quarters are sold to Jews, other cuts to Gentiles.

When the meat finally reaches the kitchen of an Orthodox Jew, new complications arise: first, the blood must be further drawn from the flesh by a thorough salting; then, the meat can be cooked only in utensils reserved for meat which have not been in contact for twenty-four hours with milk,* or which have been purified by being heated red-hot.

If the Jew suspects that his cook has been careless in observing these regulations, has forgotten to rinse off the blood-soaked salt before roasting the meat, he can only believe her volunteered assurance that the meat has been rinsed.

If he asks her first, her reply is not valid evidence. Most Orthodox Jews, however, employ only Orthodox Jews as servants to guarantee strict observance of *kosher* rules in their homes.

Kitchens—The kitchen of such a *kosher* household has two sets of pots and pans: one for milk and fish dishes, and one for meat dishes. Reformed Jews are jokingly said to have three sets of dishes: one for milk, one for meat and one for *trefah.* The inference here is that the Reformed Jew may eat *trefah* by himself, but when he dines with his Orthodox parents or friends, he gets out the two sets of *kosher* cooking-utensils.

Penalty for disobedience of these laws is simply the bad conscience of the offender; God grants forgiveness to those who repent, determine not to sin again.

In time of war, whenever danger to his life may be averted by breaking the laws, they are automatically invalid: it is a primary concept of Jewish faith that its regulations are rules for living, not dying, that life is the most valuable of all things.

* This sinew, in the hollow of an animal's loin, is so named for the sinew of the Old Testament Jewish patriarch Jacob which was injured in his battle with the angel of the Lord. To Jews to-day, it is a reminder that Israel's spirit can never be broken.

* Milk must never be mixed with meat because of the thrice-mentioned Biblical injunction, to wit: "Thou shalt not seethe a kid in its mother's milk."

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VOODOOISM: Cuban Authorities Battle Cult Practising Kidnaping and Human Sacrifice

Back in the brown, ambling cane-brake of Cuba last week, giant tom-toms, Negro drummers astride them, sent up a low, muffled beat; the rhapsodic cries and grunts of glistening dancers pierced the chant and rhythmic handclaps of encircling ebony-black men and women worshipers. Beyond the tropical clearings, unbeknown to them, peered the troubled eyes of police who were fearful that the rites might go out of bounds, debauch into human sacrifice.

Beginning on December 4 and lasting intermittently until January 6, the annual ceremonies of the Afro-Cuban cult of *Nañigo*, modified offshoot of voodooism, had got off to attempted kidnapings of white children allegedly to offer to its god, *Chango*. In the black belts of Camaguey, Matanzas and Santa Clara Provinces the police acted swiftly, arrested forty alleged witch-doctors, seized truckloads of mystic paraphernalia. One suspected priest-kidnaper was slain trying to escape.

Prisoners—A perennial scare for the last forty years, voodoo snatches reached alarming proportions during the régime a decade ago of Gerardo Machado. More than twenty kidnapers to-day are serving long terms at the Government model prison on the Isle of Pines. The fact that children were molested in three Provinces made the menace without precedent this year, police said.

Altho supposedly members of the *Nañigo* cult, these witch-doctors belong to what Cubans call the *Brujeria*, a truer derivation of the African voodoo serpent and devil-worship. Every year the priests take advantage of *Chango* ceremonies to cloak their black art. No organized cult, they generally consult an oracle to guide them, concoct potions or philters, use in their *brujo* (ceremony) parts of the bodies of small children. One of their best tricks is to kill a client's enemy by piercing a wax image of him with thorns and needles.

Out of the feverish jungle of West Africa came the seeds of these and other variations of voodooism. Swooping down first upon present-day Haiti like a mystic black vulture, the cult owes its origin to ophiolatry (serpent-worship) of Sabee, Capital of the West African Slave Coast Kingdom of Whydah.

Orgies—In the succeeding years the rituals changed as they spread rapidly to neighboring islands and across to continental United States. To-day, snake-worship is believed confined to a few Haitian cane-field workers who accompany it with dancing and sexual orgies. But for generations rites centered around the sacrifice of a white child known in the ceremonies as the Goat Without Horns. Stupefied with drugs, the sacrificial victim was killed and parts of its dismembered body given to worshipers who believe its virtue purified them.

In Cuba, voodooism resolved itself into the *Nañigo* cult, which, despite its religious character, is more like a primitive Masonry. There is no *Nañigo* king, no central organization, but *Chango* is the spiritual godhead. Of confused beginnings, the cult, according to Enrique Ramos Izquierdo, expert on its lore, began in early Cuban colonial days. To circumvent Spanish civil and church bans on occult practises, the Negro slaves cunningly resorted to "honoring" their masters' saints instead of jungle gods and spirits.

For this reason three great *Nañigo* ceremonials fall on the Day of Santa Barbara (December 4), the Day of St. Lazarus (December 17) and the Day of Kings (January 6). In fact, keepers of the god *Chango* are known as *santeros*, sometimes even referred to as "saints." They care for the images diligently, lay sacrifices of flowers and of foodstuffs on the altars as their means permit them. All the more confusing is the fact that *Chango*, besides having his own mail and sword effigy, is represented by images of Santa Barbara in wood or plaster.

Fraternal—Best estimates are that the cult has 500,000 votaries in Cuba, including 100,000 whites. Among the latter are counted several important figures in Cuban political, business and social life. Members maintain a high fraternal spirit, care for the jobless, the ill and the dying, and provide for widows and orphans.

Courtesy Club Ball

Devil-dancer driving away Satan

No outsider may witness the goings-on, except the short part staged outdoors. Until police barred them because of disorders, torchlight processions were held prior to ceremonies along the streets of a town.

Centers of worship are "churches" or "lodges," known as "powers." Any member of the cult who has been duly initiated at a regular ceremony may establish a "power" by setting up an altar with an image of *Chango* or Santa Barbara. The altar is quite similar to that used in the Catholic Church, but the cross and crucifix are not employed. There are thousands of these "powers" in Cuba, many at Havana; but the cult is strongest in Oriente Province at the eastern end of the island.

There is one formal ceremony, that of initiation. It may be held only when a member of a cult affiliated with a specific "power" dies. At the ceremony the initiate undergoes the rites nude, marked in colored chalk with symbols which may represent the "goat," the "black cock," the "leopard skin." A priest representing Satan is clad in sackcloth marked with certain symbols in colored designs. The room is bare except for the altar with the god *Chango*, lighted candles and offerings—fruits, vegetables, meats.

Scaring Satan—Outside the door, a priest, stripped to the waist, wears a foxtail at the end of his belt and holds in one hand a piece of green banana, in the other an *Escoba Amargo* or "bitter broom," a weed. He thrusts the banana and weed into his belt, beats a drum to drive Satan away.

Inside the house another priest produces a sound like the lowing of a cow, the voice of *Chango*. The priest representing the devil sounds small bells draped around him as he dances, allows himself finally to be enticed outside and made to disappear, presumably up a tree.

Throughout the night and even through the next day and night the weird rites go on. A black cock is sacrificed to cleanse the initiate. The priest officiating at the sacrifice may be any communicant attending, and is identified as being possessed of *Chango*. He is known by the manner in which he dances to the incessant drumming throughout the ceremony. In the morning a small goat is sacrificed. Its throat is cut and its blood drained into a small clay jar. The initiates drink of the blood.

Hocus-pocus—While *Nañigo* cultists are believed to have a number of members in Negro colonies in the large cities of the United States, the form of voodooism practised here consists for the most part in hocus-pocus charms and fetishes.

But in the turpentine camps of Georgia, the cotton-fields of Texas, and the cypress-swamps of Louisiana, good, old-fashioned snake-worship with all of its half-crazed rites is known to exist. Chickens, goats and cows are offered up at rough jungle altars. The darkies bring out their tom-toms, beat a continuous thump with bare knuckles or the hoof of a mule. To this they add the whining sounds of a gourd fiddle. At the climax of a frenzied whirl of dancing feet, a huge black steps into the circle under the moonlight with a cane-knife, slits the throat of the sacrificial victim.

The charm business in the South, New Orleans police estimate, runs into $1,000-000 a year. Heritage of the days of Marie Laveau, it is still a racket which has a "hoodoo doctor" or a "conjur woman" in almost every district. A leading stock-in-trade is a "hoodoo" bag which may cost $1. Opened up, it contains only a bit of scorched leather, a couple of small bones, a piece of charcoal and a snarl of hair. Other talismans: for dice-shooters, "Two-Pass Powder," "Gambler's Luck," "Fast Luck"; for your enemy, "Black Wash"; for your muscles, "Samson's Oil." Concocters of these quackeries have been jailed.

Charms—In New York's Harlem, with 350,-000 Negroes, this business has been carried to the top-drawer class. There "Guffer Dust, New Moon, No. 1," sells for $50; "Happy Dust," $50; "Tying Down Goods," $50; "Chasing Away Goods," $50; "Buzzard Nest," $100; "Black Cats' Ankle Dust," $500, and "Black Cat's Wishbone," $1,000. Harlem authorities will say that the best people there would not be without one of the thousands of charms sold like hot-cakes at busy street corners.

Arrested for selling a perfume as a cure to a consumptive, a dealer twirled a rabbit's foot, protested in court:

"Well, if a man keeps clean and smelling good, then somebody's going to fall in love with him, and I figure if some one is in love with him, then he ought to get well from most anything."

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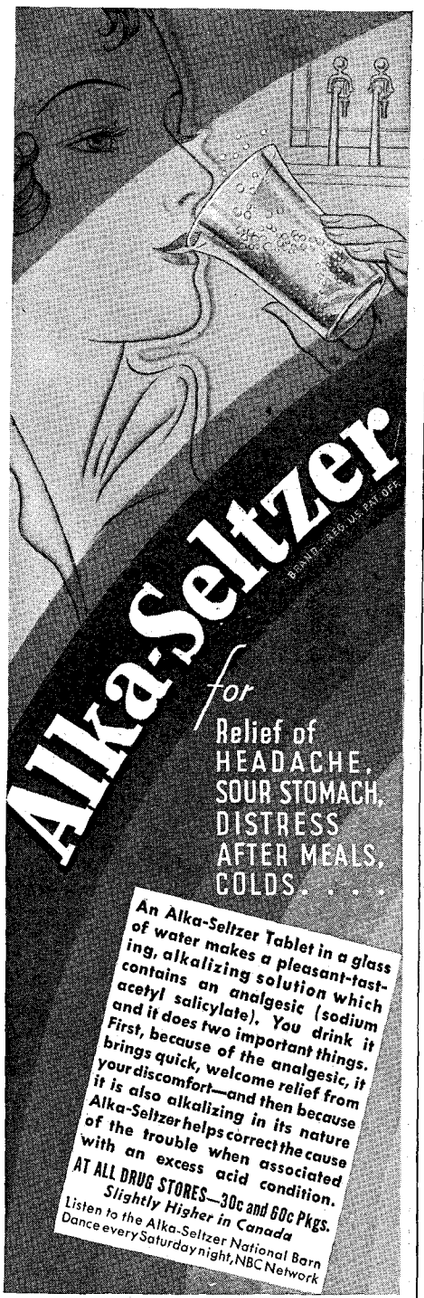
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THIRTY MILLION BRILLIANT CAR-TAGS

Licensing Autos Is State Monopoly Worth Third of a Billion

An industry which swallows a third of a billion dollars a year begins high-pressure sales this week-end. There never has been a bankruptcy in its history, for it wields a State monopoly over perhaps 29,673,710 customers, all owners of motor-vehicles.

Each year this monopoly's product is the same, a cheap metal oblong plate, embossed with letters and numerals and gaily enameled in two brilliant hues. Sometimes these colors are changed; often they merely are reversed.

This year, with the exception of Arizona, every State will change license-plate color combinations. Nineteen States, as well as the District of Columbia, Alaska and the Canadian Provinces of Alberta, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island merely will make 1937 plates look different from 1936 tags by reversing color-schemes.

In all, twenty-seven different shades went into manufacture of 1937 plates in the States, Alaska, District of Columbia, Hawaii, Panama Canal Zone and nine Canadian Provinces. Black on white, as easy to read as newspaper head-lines, leads.

Hues—Arkansas, Maryland (March 1, 1937), Rhode Island and South Carolina chose this combination. Black on aluminum, almost the same, was picked by Connecticut and Minnesota, while black on silver, aluminum's congener, was chosen by Colorado and Idaho.

Leading copper-producing State, Arizona helps in disposing of America's enormous stock of this useful metal by using copper plates lettered in black. Nebraska uses black letters on gray; Illinois, black on yellow; New York, black on orange, and Montana, black on green.

Reversing news-lettering, Missouri, Oregon, Utah and Virginia put white on black while Tennessee's and Texas' white letters have an ivory tint. Tennessee changes tags on April 1, 1937. White letters on blue appealed to Iowa, Vermont, Washington and Wisconsin, while Florida, Maine, Massachusetts and Mississippi put white on green. New Hampshire and North Dakota reverse this, with green on white.

Yellow or gold on black designate the District of Columbia, Indiana, North Carolina, Oklahoma and West Virginia. Michigan's and Pennsylvania's yellows are on blue, Louisiana's on maroon and Wyoming's distinctive choice is gold on brown.

California and Kansas took orange on black; New Jersey, green on black. Reds are scarce, with Ohio and South Dakota fancying maroon on white and New Mexico choosing Navajo red on turquoise blue.

Delaware is unique with Colonial blue on old gold, Alabama has purple on white, Kentucky blue on white, Nevada blue on silver and Georgia dark blue on orange.

Others—In the Territories, Alaska has white on blue; Hawaii, blue on white, and the Panama Canal Zone white on green.

Tho merely marks of identification, license-plates are traveling bill-boards for some States, with keystones for Pennsylvania, diamonds for Delaware, stars for Texas, and pelicans for Louisiana. Tennessee's plates are made in the State's shape, almost rectangular.

The District of Columbia is issuing special red, white and blue plates for this month's inaugural ceremonies. A white dome is silhouetted on the left side and the United States shield with red stripes on a white background on the right.

These plates aren't licenses, merely entitling prominent officials to special parking and extra courtesies. Sloganeering has received some State attention on license-tags. Centennials and tercentenaries have been commemorated with special lettering; Maine tags on "Vacationland."

Tops—First prize for this free advertising goes to South Carolina's 1933 tag, with "Iodine Products State" inscribed along the bottom advertising the high iodin content said to be found in the Palmetto State's fruits and vegetables.

In addition to State, Territorial and District of Columbia license-plates, there are Kentucky county plates, Virginia municipality tags, and separate licenses for divisions of the Federal Government, Army, Navy, some police departments.

Connecticut, Maine and New York claim to have been first to issue license-plates. At first, 1895 (4), 1896 (16) and 1897 (90) motorists supplied their own plates or painted numerals on their cars.

Felons—Now, practically all plates are made for a few cents each in penal institutions. Methods differ according to production requirements from New York's two and a half million to Nevada's thirty-five thousand. Sometimes the simplest equipment is used to provide work for many convicts.

There is no standard size for the plates, tho smaller tags with compact combinations of numerals and letters are advocated by the Eastern Association of Motor Vehicle Commissioners. New Jersey is considering this type plate.

Pioneer—Connecticut already is pioneering permanent license-plates, 9¼ inches long by six inches wide. The plates bear three figures preceded by two letters, one above the other. At the bottom of the plate is a removable slug bearing the last two figures of the date of the year.

This slug is 2¼ inches by ⅝ of an inch. Each year a new slug is inserted. Plates are aluminum with black letters and figures. Year numerals are yellow. Once attached to the plate by special fasteners, slugs can not be removed without breaking a seal, thus foiling thieves.

Only exceptions to this new deal in license-plates are Connecticut's Governor, No. 1, and Lieutenant Governor, No. 2.

Connecticut's permanent license-plate

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Off-Side

Patent—L. F. Siela of Bluffton, Indiana, received a patent on his specially designed baking pan. The invention produces buns with a hole in the middle—"for insertion of hamburgers."

* * *

Amnesia—A young man marched into Bellevue Hospital, New York City. "Doctor," he said, "a funny thing happened to me. I went to a burlesque show to-night and when I came out, my mind was a blank. I couldn't remember who I was or where I came from."

* * *

Funerals — Ministers, morticians, musicians, sextons and grave-diggers of the San Luis Valley (Calif.) have organized. They insist upon a six-day working week, refuse to hold any more funerals on Sundays in their region.

* * *

Laws—Los Angeles policemen are studying old city ordinances still in effect. These include illegal actions such as: shooting jackrabbits from moving street-cars, driving more than fifty cattle or mules through the city at a time, selling snakes on city streets, poking turkeys at the markets to ascertain tenderness of meat.

* * *

Suit—Martin Larson, Fergus Falls (Minn.) farmer, startled friends by buying a new blue serge suit. Last time he made a similar purchase was in 1915. "I paid $25 for my last suit, twenty-one years ago, and it's still pretty nifty," he said.

* * *

Pastimes—After eight years of study, Prof. Paul A. Witty, of Northwestern University, has found Americans prefer the following pastimes: Reading newspapers, listening to the radio, movies, bridge, driving cars and going to parties.

* * *

Tattoo—Maryland poultry-raisers have taken to tattooing their chickens, turkeys, geese, ducks and pigeons for identification purposes. The process takes experts fifteen seconds per fowl, novices thirty seconds.

* * *

Revisit—"Have you ever been in this court before?" asked Recorder's Judge Christopher Stein, of Detroit, Michigan. "Yes, your honor," replied Defendant Fred Schoenrock, sixty-four, charged with drunkenness, "forty-two years ago, for racing my horse with a laundry wagon." "Case dismissed," said Judge Stein.

* * *

Noise—Police Judge A. W. Callaway of Atlanta ruled that a noise that won't wake a baby asleep in the next room isn't loud enough to be "disorder." A dice party was interrupted when neighbors complained the "rolling of the bones" disturbed them. The baby of the house slept through the clicking sevens and elevens.

* * *

Cold—A Miami University co-ed asked a local pharmacist for "prescription for a cold." She explained she had tried all the usual ways, such as sitting in a draft and going around with snow in her shoes, but nothing had worked. And she wanted a cold right away so she wouldn't have to make a twenty-minute speech.

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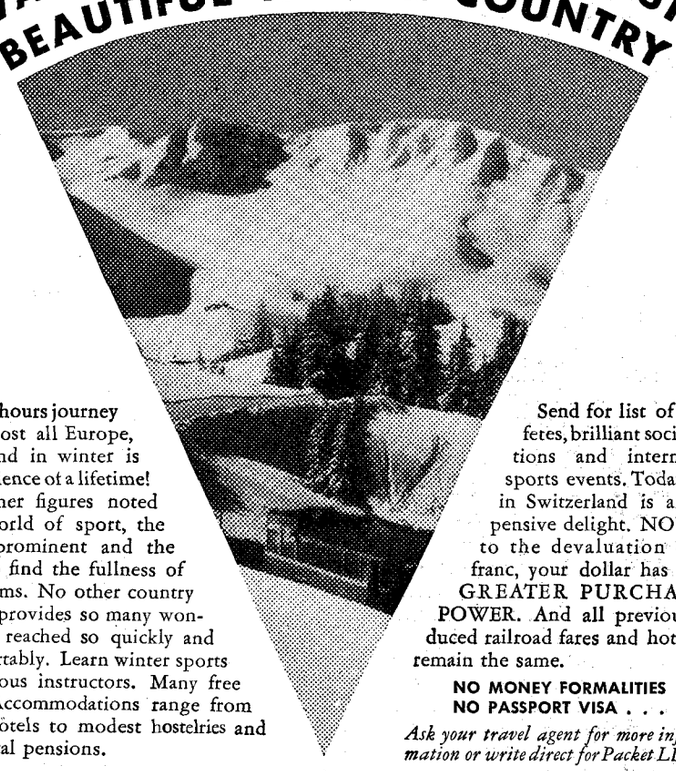

Just a few hours journey from almost all Europe, Switzerland in winter is the experience of a lifetime! Here gather figures noted in the world of sport, the socially prominent and the tourist to find the fullness of their dreams. No other country on earth provides so many wonder-spots reached so quickly and so comfortably. Learn winter sports from famous instructors. Many free classes. Accommodations range from palatial hotels to modest hostelries and economical pensions.

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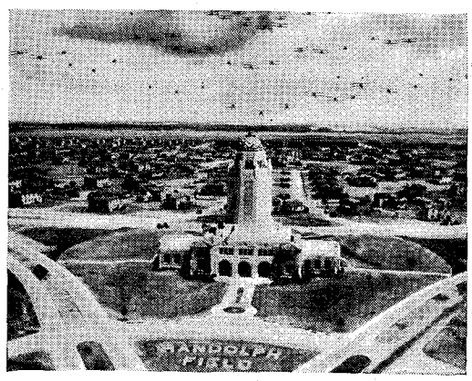

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BASKETBALL: FAVORITE OF 20,000,000

Popular All Over the World With Variations in Play and Rules

Among sportsmen, the ubiquitous off-season diversion of second-guessing and yarn-spinning ranks next in importance only to the game itself.

Last week, while most American school and college basketball squads were taking time out for holidays, many a coach's "bull session" waxed warm with tales of the freak records and odd plays and players which have contributed to the forty-five-year-old game's astonishing popularity.

Because its rules invite a wide range of interpretation, and because it is played in nearly sixty foreign countries, basketball's fundamental principle—to put the ball through the hoop—has assumed almost as many guises as there are players (estimated at 20,000,000).

Rules—In this country, where the game originated, the rules "suggest" an ideal playing area of fifty by ninety feet. The first outdoor court laid out in France was 100 yards long. In Holland the court is twice the size of the usual American one.

The American version is usually played indoors. In India, Greece, Persia and Hawaii, basketball is an outdoor game. Calcutta and Honolulu both have "barefoot leagues."

Even less uniform than the area and location of courts is opinion as to the "ideal size" of players. Generally, altitude is an advantage. So much of an advantage in some coaches' minds that when the United States appeared for the first basketball Olympiad last August with a giant team that included a six-foot, eight-inch center, Joe Fortenberry, the Europeans immediately tried to jam through an international resolution restricting future contestants to five feet eight. The resolution failed.

Tall Boys—Mere size isn't everything, tho. Probably the tallest player the American game has ever seen was Robert Wadlow, seventeen, a 390-pound Alton, Illinois, schoolboy who jumped center with a head-start of eight feet, four inches. Even his height failed to make him outstanding, and he later turned his attention to circus work.

To many experts the leading player of all time was Barney Sedran, present coach of the professional New York Whirlwinds. At his peak as a pro, twenty-five years ago, Sedran stood only five feet, four and weighed 115 pounds.

Professional teams often carry along unusually large or small athletes of varying ability just as a stunt. One of the four or five House of David teams which annually barnstorm the country had, last year, a center, Gilbert Reichert, who was eight feet tall, weighed 290 pounds, and wore size 22 basketball shoes.

Tricks—As in other sports, basketball's history is spotted with trick variations of the original theme. The game has been played on ice, on horseback and even on bicycles. In July and August of 1906, New York City's old Madison Square Garden was the scene of a basketball tournament on roller skates. Referees weren't allowed to call any fouls, tho.

Because even the strongest defense is powerless against an occasional lucky shot from midcourt, shut-out games are a rarity in basketball. But in 1903, the Buffalo Germans, a professional outfit, swamped Hobart College, 134 to 0. And in 1935 the Baylor freshmen whitewashed a "picked team" from Lott, Texas, 103 to 0.

The lowest-score shut-out game, according to record hounds, was played in 1930, when Georgetown, Illinois, in a State district tournament, made a foul goal in the first period and then stalled along to defeat the Homer team, 1 to 0.

For consecutive victories, probably no basketball team will ever equal the record set ten years ago by Passaic, New Jersey, High School. Starting with the 1921-'22 season, Passaic ran through 159 straight games before losing, four years later. The first year the boys scored 100 or more points in each of seven games. They beat Williams Prep, of Connecticut, that season, 145 to 5, and piled up 2,293 points to their opponents' 612.

Under Ernest A. ("The Professor") Blood, present coach at St. Benedict's Prep in Newark, Passaic "Wonder Fives" lost only once in 192 games.

The consecutive victory streak for girls' teams, started the year Passaic's ended, is held by East Rutherford High, a neighboring New Jersey school. Through the 1933 season the East Rutherford girls won 104 in a row. Varsity basketball was discontinued at the school after that year. Officials couldn't schedule enough games to make it worth while.

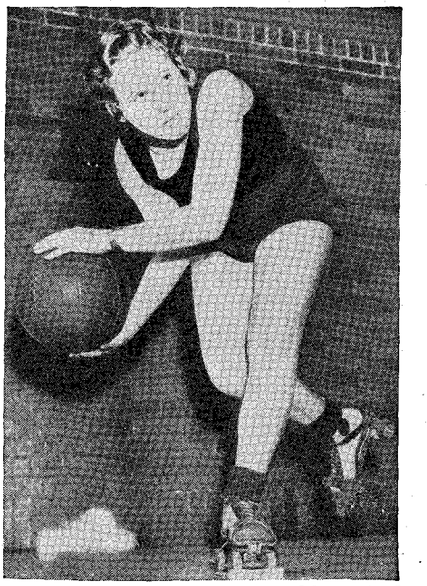
Played throughout the world, basketball is also a heavy favorite in schools for the deaf. Of the 209 in this country, with a total enrolment of almost 20,000, three (Minnesota, Illinois and New York City's Fanwood) have brass bands that play at the games. Most of the players can't hear them, anyway. New Jersey, a non-band school, won the second annual National Deaf Championship last year.

Athletic authorities have even experimented with basketball for the blind. At the Alabama school, students have played for five years. Bells, attached to players and baskets, direct their movements.

Barney Ain—One of the leading collectors of basketball "oddities" is Barney Ain, of the New York City Board of Education, known as the "Dean of Community Center Coaches." An erstwhile player, coach, umpire, lecturer and writer on basketball, Mr. Ain has, during the past eighteen years, conducted more than 7,000 games.

A student of the game all over the world, he introduced basketball to Poland in 1929. This year Poland won the European championship and survived to the semifinal round of the Olympic championship.

When professional basketball was introduced to his home town, Brooklyn, he says, the playing area was enclosed with chicken wire. A "held ball" was called only when the player in possession was pinned so



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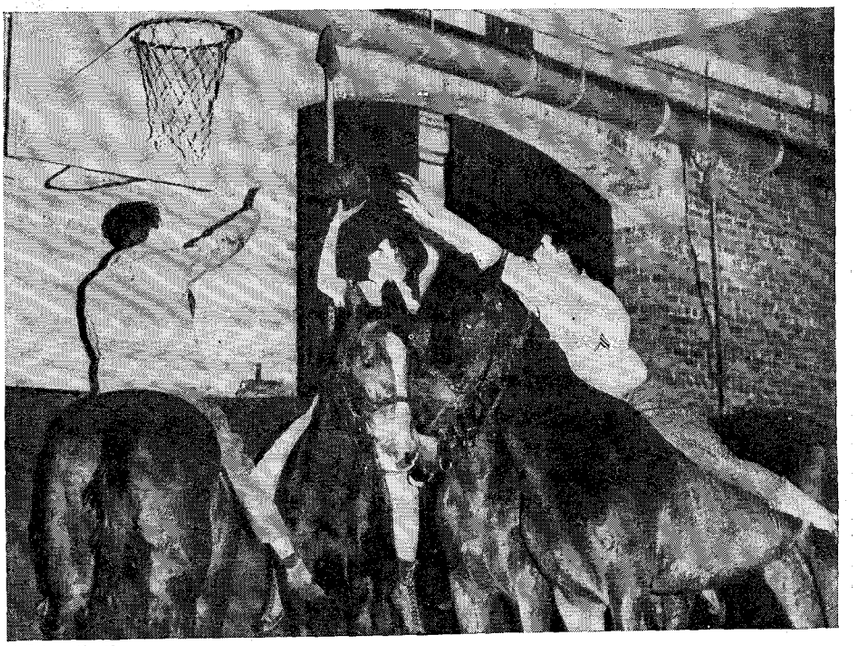
. . . and even on roller skates



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Trick variations of the game: basketball is played on horseback . . .

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closely against the wire he couldn't move. In those days the ultimate in chic uniforms was long trousers fastened at the bottom with bicycle clips. When the National Championships were held in conjunction with the 1904 Olympic Games at St. Louis, he recalls, the team representing Buffalo arrived late and was forced by officials to play the first half in street clothes.

Orientals—Prior to 1913, Ain says, Japanese athletes refused to play basketball. They thought it was a sissy game. Since then, tho, they've taken it up in a large way and sent a team to Berlin last summer that won its first two games in the Olympics before losing to Mexico.

The Chinese are red-hot basketball fans. Referees work for nothing, even paying their own jinrikisha fare to and from games. In 1931 the National Tournament at Peiping drew an average of 23,000 customers per game—an all-time attendance record.

When he isn't organizing or refereeing games, Ain is usually watching them to add to his collection of more than 3,000 "oddities." One night, he vows, he saw a traffic cop, who had dozed off in the first row, suddenly jump out on the floor and start directing traffic when the referee let out a long blast on his whistle.

SPORT SHOTS

Winner of four Olympic gold medals last August, Jesse Owens, sensational Negro sprinter and broad-jumper, who has since earned more than $50,000 as a professional, was named the outstanding athlete of 1936 in the sixth annual poll conducted by the Associated Press.

The second outstanding athlete of the year, according to the sixty-nine experts participating in the voting, was Carl Owen Hubbell, New York Giants' famed "screwball" pitcher, whose record of twenty-six games won to six lost during the past season virtually pushed his team into the World Series and won him recognition as the National League's best hurler.

Max Schmeling, German heavy-weight victor over Joe Louis last summer, placed third, only four points ahead of Larry Kelley, Yale's spectacular All-American football end. Glenn Morris, world decathlon champion; Fred Perry, British tennis player, and Joe Di Maggio, New York Yankee outfielder, finished in that order.

Joe Louis, whose boxing craft made him 1935's No. 1 athlete and the first Negro ever to win the Associated Press poll, was tied for eighth place with Forrest (Spec) Towns, hurdler.

* * *

The outstanding woman athlete of the year, according to the poll, was Helen Stephens, of Fulton, Missouri, who last summer broke all records for the 100-meter dash by winning the Olympic event in 11.4 seconds. Alice Marble, of San Francisco, National tennis champion, was second, twenty points ahead of Pamela Barton, red-headed, nineteen-year-old London, England, golfer, who became the first player in more than twenty-five years to win both the British and American women's championships in one year.

Helen Jacobs, Wimbledon tennis champion, and Patty Berg, young Minneapolis golfer, were rated fourth and fifth. The experts voted sixth place to Mrs. Eleanor Holm Jarrett, backstroke swimmer whose dismissal from the United States Olympic team for violation of training rules caused a minor athletic earthquake.

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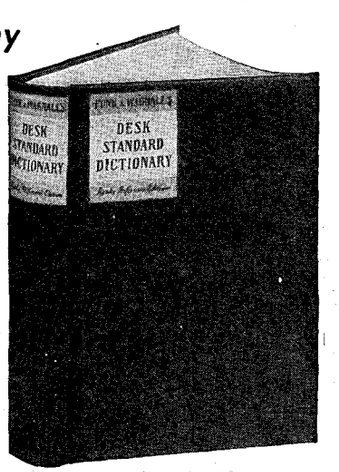

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POISON HOMICIDES ON THE WANE

Purchase Restrictions and Autopsies Reduce Death Potions

If your wife has been wearing a smug look lately, and you think it may mean she is slipping something into your coffee, get in touch with Wilbur J. Teeters, Dean of the University of Iowa's College of Pharmacy and unofficial State toxicologist.

For forty years, Midwesterners who slept restlessly or had stomach pains have called on Dean Teeters instead of the police.

To him they send samples of food, drink, medicine and tobacco for analysis. Altho the scholarly Dean, a kindly old man regarded with almost reverential respect by his students, may find a lethal dose of poison, he never reports it to authorities.

"I am acting for my clients professionally as a chemist," he explains. "It is their next move."

Wide World

Mrs. John Creighton pays for poisoning

Cases—This policy of non-intervention attracts admissions like this:

"Dear Dean Teeters: My wife baked this pie for me to-day, and since she is not in the habit of baking me pies, I wish you would test it."

In the filling was enough strychnin to kill ten men, the Dean informed his correspondent. He heard nothing more of the case, but the two-year-old pie rests among the grisly mementoes of his work in his Chemistry Building office-laboratory.

There also is a bottle of wine sent by a suspicious priest in Dubuque, Iowa. It contained enough poison to kill all the priests in Dubuque.

The Dean has never seen a death notice following his analyses, tho he has watched for them; has no idea how many lives he has saved. Among thousands of samples he has tested, he has found 200 lethal doses in chewing-gum, tobacco (a sufficiently large quid would kill a man without any other poison; so would two drops of pure nicotin on the tongue), pie, cake, wine, beer, whisky, bread, medicine, and candy especially.

He also gets numerous requests for analyses from cranks who either imagine they're being plotted against or impregnate the food with poison themselves.

Restrictions—In laboratories of Dr. Alexander O. Gettler, famous New York City Toxicologist, requests for analyses are sent to the Department of Health.

Otherwise, the chemists would have to spend most of their time giving testimony in court.

Tightening restrictions on purchase of poisons and the expanding use of autopsies in cases of unexplained, sudden death have reduced the number of poison homicides in the last few years, pathologists, police and toxicologists agree with Dean Teeters.

Many of them also concur with Dean Teeters in his conviction that not half the fatal criminal poisonings are discovered. It's one thing to prove death by poison and another to prove who gave the dose, his motive and possession of the substance, according to prosecuting attorneys.

Poisons—It is impossible to disguise death by any of the poisons most commonly used — strychnin, arsenic and cyanid. Symptoms of death, effects of the poison on the vital organs, and, in the case of cyanid, its unmistakable odor of bitter almonds, make analysis easy.

Some of the rare poisons are harder to recognize, but, once discovered, rouse suspicion in the expert.

The famous Molineux case that rose to a climax at Christmas almost forty years ago was New York's most sensational proof that poisoners are hardest of all criminals to convict.

Harry Cornish, Athletic Director of the Knickerbocker Athletic Club, received a blue vial of saline powder as an anonymous Christmas gift. In a few days, his mother died of it.

Cornish nearly did. It contained cyanid of mercury, a very deadly and rather inaccessible poison.

Police arrested an ex-officer of the club, Roland B. Molineux. He was found guilty in his first trial, acquitted in his second, lived to the age of fifty-one as a writer of detective stories. Juries are still reluctant to convict on purely circumstantial evidence.

Famous Names—Poison lore is full of famous names. Socrates died from a draught of hemlock (conin). The colorful Borgias and Medicis rose to power in Renaissance Italy through adroit poisoning of their most successful rivals; England's Henry VIII lived in constant fear of tainted food. Shakespeare's "Hamlet" would have neither plot nor solution without a long string of poisonings.

Savage tribes tip arrows, spears and darts with deadly herbs that kill as soon as they pierce the skin.

Five years ago, one of the most fiendish murderers of the twentieth century, "Texas Jim" Bakerien, boasted to his Michigan farm girl love of how he killed nine people with cyanid of potassium "just for the hell of it."

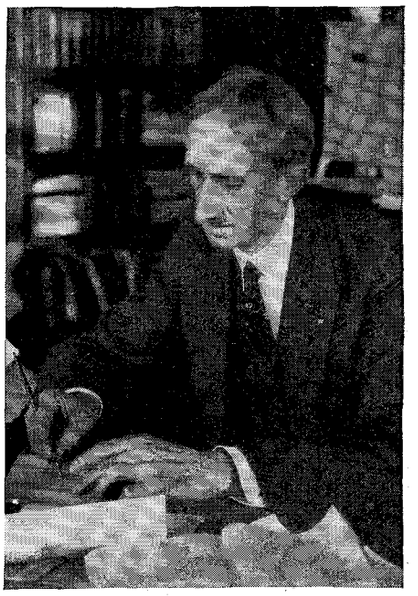
He liked to watch them die. She turned him over to the police.

Last summer, Sing Sing prison guards carried fat, terrified Mrs. John Creighton to the electric chair for the arsenic murder of Mrs. Everett C. Appelgate, whose husband died with his female accomplice.

Suicides' Favorites—Suicides show more sense about selection of poisons, Iowa's detective Dean says, and usually steer clear of the murderer's favorite, strychnin and arsenic, which cause horrible convulsions before death. Most popular self-killer is cyanid of potassium, easy to buy for photography, silverware polishing or other legitimate uses, and its liquid form, hydrocyanic acid.

It is the fastest of all the generally known poisons, has been known to kill in thirty seconds, too soon for an antidote to be effective.

Other favorites of suicides are bichlorid of mercury and some common disinfectants for homes and hospitals, one dram of which usually will kill a man in twelve hours. Death from either is horrible, results from burns inside the digestive tract.



Iowa's poison hunter: Dean Wilbur Teeters

Among rarer powerful substances are aconitin (one-sixteenth of a grain will cause death); tetraethyl lead, used in high-power gasoline; the glandular extracts of the human body itself when given in overdose (these are hard to discover in autopsy and analysis).

Flaws — Some detective-story "perfect crimes" are scientifically possible, their only flaw being that they'd implicate a scientist by their very nature, if discovered. Hypodermic injections of air or foreign proteins into the circulatory system will clot blood, produce death similar to angina pectoris.

The barbiturates, heart depressant drugs, are gaining more and more favor with suicides and murderers alike because death from them is painless, not easy to identify. These include veronal, luminal, allonal. Cocain brings sweet dreams before oblivion comes.

Statistics give the lie to the old belief that women are more prone to use poison than men. Among poison suicides, which hit a depression high in 1932, men outnumber women almost three to two, most of them married.

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1937 FORECASTS BRIGHTER IN TONE

Captains of Business and Banking Are Optimistic but Cautious

As the almanacs would phrase it, at this season expect countless records and forecasts. During the past few days industrialists and their statisticians have poured out a steady stream of surveys of 1936 and previews of 1937 to flood newspaper columns at the turn of the year.

Surveys—Almost uniformly, the surveys are impressively heartening, many of them exultant. The American record of accomplishment in 1936 goes far beyond the most sanguine expectations of a year ago. Among its highest lights:

More than $13,000,000,000 added to the market values of stocks listed on the New York Exchange.

An increase of $1,000,000,000 in dividends paid by 2,400 listed companies, whose total distribution reached $4,200,000,000.

Five billions of new corporate financing, twice the aggregate of 1935.

Gain of more than $1,000,000,000 in the nation's gold holdings, carrying the total beyond $11,000,000,000, more than half the entire world supply.

Mutual savings bank-deposits increased to a new record above $10,000,000,000.

Commodity prices, led by grains, up to new highs since 1930, the Dun & Bradstreet index being 100 per cent. above that of 1932.

Cotton output and use at new records.

Car-loadings at the best levels in five years; railroad income approximately that of 1931.

Steel production largest since 1929, third greatest in history. Steel industry employment 15 per cent. over 1929, greatest ever recorded and at highest wages.

Largest motor-car output since 1929.

Electric power consumption at an all-time high.

Heavy goods industries operating at their 1930 pace.

Christmas retail trade greatest in dollar value since 1928-'29, estimated to approximate $10,000,000,000.

Forecasts—So much for the record of things done, of progress made. Perhaps because of its surprizing excellence, a note of caution is discernible in many New Year forecasts for 1937. But captains of industry and finance are definitely optimistic, are expectant of sustained and broadened recovery with or without trade irregularities:

Myron C. Taylor, Chairman, United States Steel Corporation: The steel industry enters upon the new year with greater confidence than it has in any year since 1930 and with every indication that it will be a better year than 1936 has been. New business booked by steel-mills in the last quarter of 1936 has been in most encouraging volume and is sufficient to enable us to start 1937 in fine fashion. Especially gratifying at the moment are the increasing evidences from the field of railroad transportation that the long pent-up requirements in that field are in substantial measure about to be satisfied.

Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., President, General Motors: I believe 1937 will see a continuing of the natural processes of recovery with a further widening of its base. Many important economic forces are in that general direction. On the other hand there are also important influences to the contrary. Among these, industrial strife is certain to exert a negative effect, and rapidly ascending prices also. The year 1937 ought to be better than 1936.

Gerard Swope, President, General Electric: For 1937 we look forward to a continuance of improvement in business. As the increased use of electric energy continues, it will be necessary for the utilities to increase their plants, with a consequent expansion in orders for heavy goods, which are so much needed in our shops and to restore general employment in the capital goods industries.

Myron C. Taylor: steel enters upon the new year with greater confidence

Floyd B. Odlum, Chairman, Atlas Corporation (Investment Trust): Unless war breaks out and upsets the normal economic forces or the Government policies at home are suddenly reversed, we may look to a continuation of productive activities in this country. Many industries are operating at the highest rates, even if not the highest profits, in history. If the consumptive capacity in the country is or will be sufficient to absorb goods now being produced, which seems likely, we can anticipate a continuation of present good business, and in certain lines further substantial improvement.

Thomas A. Buckner, Chairman, New York Life Insurance: I look forward hopefully to a new era of prosperity in which life insurance will play a leading rôle. One of the most important problems faced by many financial institutions to-day is the abnormally low rate of interest on high-grade securities. At present it is very difficult to put money to work at a satisfactory rate of interest and, at the same time, secure investments that afford the high degree of safety demanded by a conservative life insurance company. However, with expanding business and improvement in the general economic situation, we should expect a return to more normal conditions.

Andrew W. Robertson, Chairman, Westinghouse Electric: The prospects for the electrical manufacturing industry are very bright. Practically all divisions are operating at capacity and orders in sufficient volume are coming to warrant an optimistic view for the next several months. Notwithstanding many threatening, unpredictable contingencies, there is evidence that we are moving upward along a more or less typical American business curve.

Malcolm Muir, President, McGraw-Hill Publishing Company: There can be no question that there has developed an irresistible upward surge of business which will continue through 1937. Industry will continue to utilize in every way modern methods and technical equipment to improve quality. . . . This will make possible a progressive program to increase real wages, lower the price to the consumer, with a resultant increased volume of production and increased employment.

LONDON CURB? British Long Have Traded Al Fresco Until New York Market Closed

London's daily stock market closes officially at 3.30 P.M. (Greenwich time), half an hour after that of New York opens. Regularly then, rain or shine, London stock-brokers gravely dehouse themselves and noisily continue dealings in American stocks in the narrow gray canyon that is called Throgmorton Street, just outside the comfortable Stock Exchange building which they own. Fair weather or foul, they may keep up the *al fresco* trading until 8 o'clock (London time for the New York market's 3 P.M. closing), when the cables cease to bring prices from Wall Street.

Because London interest in American shares has been running high of late, business in Throgmorton Street has been brisk. Result: London promoters have revived an old proposal to establish a London Curb Exchange (not British-spelled "kerb") which would be housed and organized like that of New York, would be a five-hour market for American securities, would also provide for dealings in obscure domestic stocks which are barred from the London Stock Exchange. Moreover, it would allow its members to advertise, which the London Stock Exchange doesn't.

But brokers in Throgmorton Street scowl at the proposal and declare nothing will come of it. They are satisfied with their roofless street market, which has been a semiofficial institution ever since rapid cable communications between London and New York were perfected in the early 1880's. They are content, too, with the refusal of their Stock Exchange's trustees to permit an indoor "Yankee market" after hours—a traditional refusal due originally to British disapproval of the daily manipulation of American stocks by such long-dead experts as Jay Gould, Daniel Drew, Addison Cammack, James R. Keene.

Sniping—To those aggressive Wall Street plungers and market-riggers of forty and fifty years ago, London's street market in "Eries," "New York Centrals," "Northern

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Pacifics," was most serviceable. Until after the turn of the century, the New York Stock Exchange permitted arbitrage operations with European centers, and the sniping of price differences between New York and London was a specialized Wall Street business which sustained an active Throgmorton Street market for American issues. Of that market, Wall Street manipulators made profitable, sometimes scandalous, use.

In time, however, arbitrage was banned in New York because of its evils; the coming of the World War further diminished London trading in "Yankees"; the Wall Street panic of 1929 all but ended it. But marked revival has accompanied the Wall Street recovery of the past two years, and London's American market has become sizable, even important, again. Yet its semiofficial, after-hours character remains unchanged.

Rules—In the open air Throgmorton Street dealings, London Stock Exchange rules are somewhat relaxed. A broker may there buy from another broker, whereas on the Exchange he may buy only from a "jobber" (wholesaler). And altho he may not offer stock on the street to any but a jobber, he may sell to a fellow broker if the latter has indicated that he wants to buy. Thus the afternoon street trading in American stocks is a bit freer than that done indoors in official hours. But the difference is not as great as the discomfort which London's rain and fogs often produce.

Ethics—Permission to advertise, which the London Stock Exchange sternly denies to its members, is a special titbit with which promoters of the proposed Curb Exchange are trying to attract supporters. Also traditional, the ban upon advertising, like that upon branch offices, is losing popularity among London brokers.

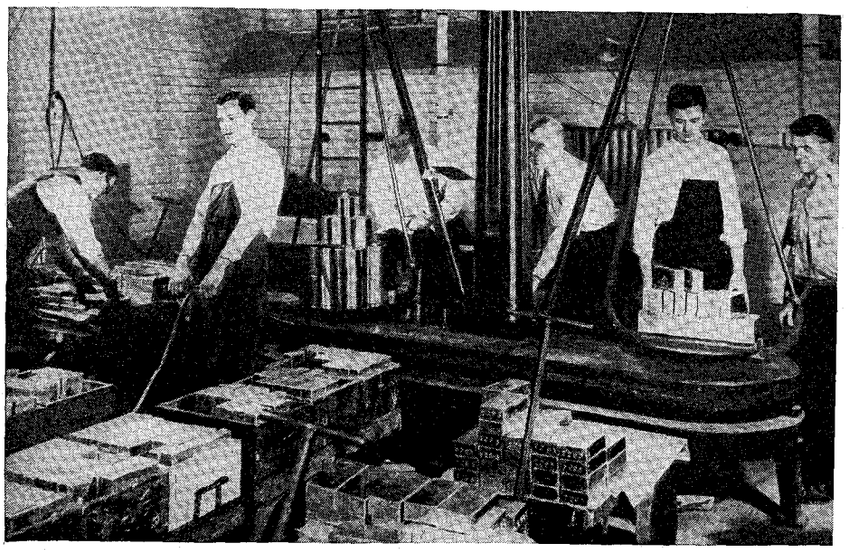
The self-denying Stock Exchange prohibition is really due to Charles Dickens. His picture of the stock-broker *Wilkins Flasher* in "Pickwick Papers" so nettled Exchange members a century ago that they imposed upon themselves the ethics of the legal and medical professions (which do not advertise) and so sought to raise stock brokerage in the British professional scale.

Because of the ban, several large financial firms have withdrawn from the London Exchange from time to time in the past, and have set themselves up as "merchant bankers." Many of those who remain members are constantly protesting against it, and urging that member advertising would do much to wipe out the evil of London bucket-shops and stock swindlers. But the Exchange's majority of small-caliber brokers who have not the capital to advertise extensively have so far prevented even the slightest relaxation of the non-advertising rule.

HOT MONEY: U. S. "Sterilizes" Gold Pouring in From Abroad, Curbs Inflation Menace

For months, Treasury and Federal Reserve System officials have talked darkly of "hot money" and "hot gold."

In November, President Roosevelt himself spoke of "hot money" officially. In a startling White House pronouncement, he declared that foreign funds were pouring into the nation's banks and security markets at an alarming rate, pushing stock prices up and inflating (expanding) banks' ability to extend credit.



Wide World

Treasury workers weighing gold frightened away from war-threatened Europe

What, asked the President, would happen if foreigners suddenly began to liquidate their holdings in this country, suddenly began to repatriate their funds? The obvious answer was that stock prices would crash, that the effect on the country's credit structure might be catastrophic.

"Hot money," it could thus be seen even by lay newspaper readers, was hot because it might not stay put, but might flee from the country instantly and unpredictably. The President in November only talked about "hot money," did nothing about it. But observers knew that his pronouncement was a feeler, that eventually the Government would act.

Action—Observers were right. Last week, the Government decided that "hot money" had become too hot and too abundant to be absorbed safely in the nation's credit structure (specifically, by the banks). Almost four billion dollars of gold had flowed into America in three years. It had been shipped here by foreigners who sought a haven for capital which was menaced by war-scares, by threatening economic conditions. Recently the flood of gold swelled to a $1,000,000-a-month torrent.

Question—Well, what was the Government going to do about it? The Government, so Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau declared, was going to "sterilize" this inflowing gold. Specifically, the Government was going to prevent gold from increasing the country's bank-deposits, thereby increasing excess reserves.

Suppose, prior to last week, an Englishman wanted to transfer $1,000,000 deposits from his Midland Bank in London to, say, the Chase National Bank in New York. He would buy $1,000,000 of gold and ship it to the Chase National. (What the Englishman really does is to buy $1,000,000 worth of dollar exchange with his 200,000 pounds sterling, but the result eventually is that gold is shipped to America.)

Since Federal law bars the Chase National Bank (or any other institution or person) from holding gold, it will ship the yellow metal so received to the Federal Reserve Bank in its district and get a deposit credit of $1,000,000. The Federal Reserve Bank in turn will send the gold to the United States Treasury and for it receive $1,000,000 in gold certificates.

But the important fact is that the Englishman's $1,000,000 gold has thus increased the Chase National Bank's deposits by $1,000,000. Since other Englishmen and Frenchmen and Swiss and Chinese are also transferring funds to the United States through other banks, it can be seen that inflowing gold pushes bank-deposits up and in turn piles ever higher the mountain of idle excess reserves in the Federal Reserve Banks. And when there is a mountain of idle excess reserves, there is also the danger that bankers will be tempted to use them to finance speculation in the stock market or make other unwise loans.

To the Government this danger is an important consideration, but equally important is the circumstance that the deposits created by foreign gold rest on the treacherous base which the President pointed out—the gold may be withdrawn any time and thus play hob with the whole credit pyramid.

Solution—This is how the Treasury moved last week to prevent further foreign gold from creating deposits and credit:

When the Chase National Bank now receives $1,000,000 gold from abroad and turns it over to the Federal Reserve bank in its New York district, it receives no credit for an increase in deposits. Instead, it receives new Treasury bills (short-term Government bonds) with which the Federal Reserve bank has been reimbursed by the Treasury for the gold. In other words, instead of paying for the gold as heretofore with gold certificates (in reality warehouse receipts), the Treasury is now buying the gold with borrowed money—for by issuing short-term Government obligations to pay for it, it is in reality issuing short-term evidence of debt.

And the Treasury is now ready to borrow (*i.e.*, issue Treasury bills) as much as is needed to offset inflowing gold.

Not only does the Treasury scheme nullify the inflationary effect of inflowing gold, but it also can protect the banks from shrinking deposits (and credit deflation) which would result from an outflow of gold. If foreigners now begin to repatriate their gold, and thus reduce deposits here, the Treasury will buy back its Treasury bills or let them run out (pay them up at maturity) and thus increase the deposits of the banks which have held them.

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Observers were quick to realize that the planned sales of Treasury obligations to sterilize gold will increase the national debt. They were quick to realize also that the Treasury's tightening of the credit structure means further Government activity in a field which formerly was pretty much in private hands. Bankers, however, found little to criticize in either development, since they considered the Treasury action an ingenious means toward a necessary end.

The Treasury's "hot money" move gave Wall Street observers something to speculate about. For more than a month, the Street had buzzed with reports that January would see the Government (specifically, the Federal Reserve Board) pull the credit control machinery a notch tighter by further raising legal reserve requirements for Federal Reserve System member banks.

If the Federal Reserve Board should raise reserve requirements, say by 50 per cent., it would shave the $2,000,000,000 mountain of idle excess reserves down to about $750,000,000.

But now that the Government has removed one of the major causes for expanding excess reserves by sterilizing incoming gold, many observers suspect that the Government may either raise reserve requirements less than the reported 50 per cent., or perhaps not raise them at all.

GLASS EYES: War-Clouds Over Germany Cut Material Supply for America

For eighty-five years, Mager & Gougelman, of New York, Boston and Philadelphia, have given their clients an eye for an eye. Three generations of Gougelmans have prospered by it.

The eyes that the Gougelmans give their clients are glass eyes, and theirs is a tight little business with singularly few worries. First, only three other companies besides Mager & Gougelman compete for the American custom-built eye business. Second, one of every 500 Americans wears a glass eye (altho one of every 300 should), and inevitably these clients often return for replacements, since glass optics seldom last more than two years.

The inevitable toll of industrial and other accidents has caused an estimated 250,000 persons to seek glass eyes, which keeps the demand for them stable.

But last week Mager & Gougelman, and Danz & Danz, and Fried & Kohler, and Kohler & Danz (the latter three distantly related) were worried. War-clouds over Germany threatened to cut short the supply of glass for artificial orbs. Already the Nazi Government was rationing the glass for export—ten pounds for each accredited glass-eye blower in America. And since practically all glass for artificial human eyes comes from Lauscha, Central Germany, the shutting off of supplies might curb eye-making activities in America.

Pictures, Inc.

Exclusive occupation: making glass eyes

Special Glass—In Lauscha 101 years ago, Ludwig Muller-Uri discovered a formula for combining sand, potash and creolite to produce a glass that will respond to heat in such a way as to simulate the human eye. The Ludwig Muller-Uri formula has been kept secret by his descendants, who have established a close little monopoly in supplies. The Muller-Uris also train glass-blowers. The monopoly in both glass and glass-blowers is so tight that most American glass eye-makers are German. Only three are American-born.

About 150 pounds of the glass in the form of 20-inch tubes is imported into America annually. So limited has the supply situation become that American glass-eye makers last year had to send buyers to Germany to haggle for material. The price, kept secret by glass-blowers here, is to-day twelve times what it was five years ago.

Germany also sends to America some 40,000 artificial eyes a year, known to the trade as "stock eyes." The Denver Optic Co., a mail-order house, distributes many of these at $5 each. Optometrists obtain artificial optics from this source and also from such companies as Mager & Gougelman, which builds up a stock of artificial eyes from custom-built optics which have not met exact specifications. Of such eyes Mager & Gougelman now has a stock of 50,000.

A custom-built glass eye can be fashioned only by a craftsman who has spent a lifetime learning his trade.

The glass-blower sits the patient down beside him as he goes to work. From the tube of Lauscha glass he fashions a globe of about the diameter of a half-dollar in the Bunsen burner before him. He keeps a pipe-stem of tubing attached to the globe which serves both as a handle to twirl in the flame and as a tube to blow air and so control the size of the eyeball.

Individuality—With glass color-sticks he fuses on the superheated eyeball the gray and yellowish-white background tints found in the adult eye and the blue-white found in children. He then adds hairbreadth spikes, flecks, other individual distinguishing features.

To create the pupil the eye-maker first fuses pieces of black enamel on the eyeball, then superimposes a crystal finish on the whole to provide a human luster. The eyeball is then veined with filaments of reddish tint. A glass-blower in good form can turn out an eye in thirty to forty-five minutes; in other words, while the customer waits. For the eye, the glass-blower's company will charge $15 to $30.

American makers of artificial eyes used to import chiefly milky white glass when Peter Gougelman founded the industry here in 1851. More recently the influx of Hungarians, Italians and other dark-eyed southern European peoples has caused the

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manufacturers to import glass of a darker hue.

The life of a glass eye is shortened to two years or less by body acids and eyelid friction, which erode the eyeball surface. But replacements are simple, for the eye-maker makes eyes in duplicate, and the customer can simply reorder by mail.

Many clients order eyes for day and for evening wear. They do this not for dress purposes, but because the living pupil expands at night and consequently makes the artificial eye look smaller.

Globe of Gold—Surgeons have come to the aid of the glass-eye wearer. They have evolved a globe of gold for insertion in the eye-socket. The glass is laid over it, permitting the artificial eye some lateral mobility. Oculists also have learned to place abdominal fat in the socket which plumps and firms the artificial eye and enhances its natural appearance.

Glass-eye makers are a humane lot, and view with pleasure the steady reduction of industrial eye accidents. But one thing still pains them—that is making glass eyes for children. Pierre Gougelman, head of Mager & Gougelman, fought unsuccessfully for years to get State legislation which would ban air-rifles, darts and similar children's playthings. They cause 20 per cent. of children's accidents, he maintained.

But eye-making has its cheery side, too. Providing most delight to glass-blowers are husbands or wives who succeed in deceiving their spouses about their eyes. This obviously requires ingenuity, since the eye is usually removed at night, wiped and placed in a special case. (Glass eyes are easier to remove than false teeth, say eye-makers.)

Christmas Eye—Most punctual customer of Danz & Danz is the Christmas-tree merchant from North Carolina who comes north each Yuletide for his supply of trees and drops in for his glass-eye replacement.

Oddest client was the man with the one good brown eye who asked for one of blue glass because his wife had always admired blue eyes.

Most original was the mail-order customer who wanted a glass eye slightly bloodshot, for the "morning after."

A well-known American cartoonist who wears a glass eye and removes it when he is in his cups, has vowed that some day he will own one with a tiny American flag painted on its pupil. He anticipates with pleasure the effect, when he quickly changes his ordinary glass eye for the one with the flag, and suddenly confronts inebriated friends with it.

BIKE BUILD-UP: Revived Interest in Cycling May Push Production Past Record of '99

Outstanding among desired gifts in Kris Kringle's pack this Christmas season were bicycles.

This meant further impetus to a resuscitated American industry whose output in the last year or two has again assumed boom proportions. Production of bicycles in 1935 totaled 639,439, a gain of 220 per cent. over the 1932 output. The production figures for 1936 promise to jump well over the million mark, probably will exceed the all-time record of 1,182,691 established in 1899.

Not to children alone are manufacturers

Courtesy Cycle Trades of America

1937: shorts, stream-lines, aluminum frame

grateful, but to adults as well. Grown-ups have accounted largely for the Renaissance of bicycling. As a matter of fact, adults buy one-third of all bicycles sold.

Promotion—Late in 1934, Cycle Trades of America, Inc., trade association of the industry, surveyed depression, plucked up courage, made new plans. It started a promotion campaign to put the nation back on bicycles and so put the industry back on its feet.

To popularize bicycles anew for recreation, the association stressed safety, campaigned for bicycle paths. Motion-picture stars were induced to be photographed astride bikes, to allow their pictures to be broadcast with safety suggestions for cyclists alongside. Bicycle men hoped that youngsters, thus seeing their favorite movie stars astride bikes, would follow the safety advice set forth. What they did not foresee was that the stars themselves would take up cycling. But the stars did, and the fad spread like a prairie fire across the country. Soon men, women and children were pedaling enthusiastically in Boston, New York, Washington, everywhere.

The Association's first great victory in its campaign for bicycle paths was the opening in March, 1935, of the Atlantic City Board-

Brown Bros.

1899: bloomers, billows, iron frame

walk to cyclists. Other cities followed the lead. New York, Washington, Chicago, Detroit, Newark and St. Louis opened new paths to young and old, permitted them to pedal to their hearts' content, safe from passing automobiles. The old League of American Wheelmen was revived for young riders, to teach them to ride safely, to obey traffic regulations.

Trains—Promotion-minded railroad men quickly sensed the public enthusiasm. Boston & Maine organized bicycle train trips from Boston to spots in the White Mountains. Missouri Pacific followed suit with excursions in its territory. New York, New Haven & Hartford programmed six bicycle trips in the spring, two in the fall. Charging $2 a head with free cycle space in the baggage-car, or $3.50 if it supplied the bike, the railroad carried an average of 222 eager fans at a time to Connecticut's leafy countryside paths.

Later, bicycle manufacturers made the buying public style-conscious. Streamlining is now the dominant note. Also, bicycles now have many new fittings that make for more comfortable riding. Several makers have included in their models a combination horn and light, housed in a stream-lined case clamped to the handlebars. Best liked by youngsters are models replete with all accessories (horn, lights, speedometer, chromium fittings).

Models for Madame—Careful attention has lately been given to women's bicycles. Manufacturers, realizing that girls' bikes formerly accounted for only 8 per cent., but now amount to 40 per cent. of the industry's yearly output, have improved and refined them to provide easier riding. While responsive to the improved wheels, however, women show most enthusiasm for the costumes that go with cycling. One- and two-piece culottes, selling at $2 to $50, are eagerly bought by women cyclists throughout the country. A Lanvin evening gown with a divided skirt will be featured this winter at Southern resorts. Thus women will be able to pedal to and from formal affairs in their evening gowns, with no fear for the seams.

Commercial bikes used by messenger and delivery boys have also come in for a share of recent improvements, are now specially built for long wear and heavy service. From Western Union and Postal Telegraph messengers annually come orders for 10,000 bicycles.

Big Sellers—Leading in output volume among the industry's twelve big companies are Westfield Manufacturing Co., Westfield, Massachusetts (Columbia, Westfield bikes); Homer P. Snyder Manufacturing Co., Little Falls, New York (Rollfast); Arnold, Schwinn & Co., Chicago (Autocycle, World). Huffman Manufacturing Co., Dayton, Ohio, puts out a bike made of air-plane tubing. Iver Johnson Arms & Cycle Works, Fitchburg, Massachusetts, specializes in quality machines.

Bicycles in the 1890's sold around $135, plus equipment. To-day they sell between $25 and $60, come fully equipped.

Japanese competition is one of the cycle industry's irritating problems. Inferior bicycle parts made in Japan (frames, pedals and coaster brakes), are being imported, combined with American parts, distributed by small-time jobbers in various parts of the country. To counteract this, Cycle Trades of America plans to label American-made bikes hereafter with its insignia "All American Made."

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Mail

(*Continued from page 1*)

are heard in this country, and the judges, however strongly they may suspect collusion, are as powerless as was Justice Hawkes. A judge is not permitted to indulge in surmise. If the uncontradicted evidence be sufficient for the granting of a decree, the judge has no option in the premises but to grant it. He must pass on the evidence before him—nothing more.
San Francisco. ARTHUR H. BARENDT, Attorney.

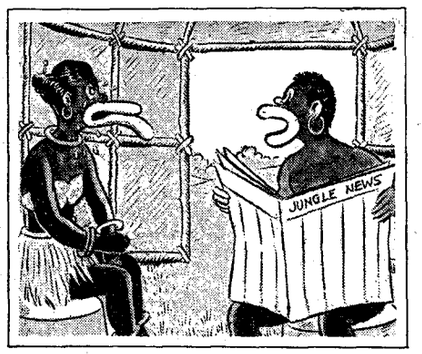
Reading The Literary Digest

"Skull found in China shows Peking man was earliest known." Probably an ancestor to Peeping Tom. Down through the ages, human nature never changes.

"Thirty members of Divorcées' Club invite Edward to Budapest." If one can rock an Empire, what would thirty do?

"Pair sentenced to jail after still explodes in home." A still has to be kept quiet.

"A vaudeville performer tears two phone books in two." That wrong number trouble again.



"THERE'S NO USE POUTING—WE CAN'T AFFORD A NEW LEOPARD SKIN"

—Ed Reed in Hollywood Citizen-News

"J. P. Morgan loses suit." But I'll venture to say that J. P. saved that extra pair of pants.

"Military gowns created for German brides." Hitler will have them doing a goose-step down the aisle.

"Braddock may have warm-up bouts with any one but Joe Louis." A bout with the Brown Bomber would be a little too hot.
"COUNT" LANGENBACHER.
Emory University, Georgia.

Flouting Flaunt

Sir:—May I call your attention to an error which appeared in THE LITERARY DIGEST of December 12?

On page 12, line 6, appears the sentence: "Baldwin charged the King had flaunted his constitutional duty. . . ."

Again, on page 15: "The integrity and authority of the Supreme Court have been flaunted. . . ."

The latter sentence, to be sure, appears to be a quotation.

At any rate, according to my Funk & Wagnall's New Standard Dictionary of the English Language, the word "flaunted" in each instance is erroneously used. The correct word is "flouted."
St. Louis. WALTER BLOCH.

Mr. Bloch is correct in all instances and should lend his copy of Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary of the English Language to THE LITERARY DIGEST writer who insists he "couldn't have been that careless."—*Editor.*

Rich Old Hat

Sir:—As I live at Sombrero Butte, Arizona, I was much interested in "Rich Old Hat," December 5 issue of THE LITERARY DIGEST. I'd like to add some interesting information:

If one goes back into North American history, he finds this section of the country inhabited by various tribes of Indians, but by one tribe in particular, the Apaches. Having lived in this country from time immemorial, the Apaches naturally resented the coming of the whites, and, born with an indomitable spirit to resist the encroachment of the pale-face, they followed their course to the best of their savage ability.

They even went so far as to upbraid other Indian tribes for their complacency. Important in their task, of course, was the capturing and concealing of that gold which the white man seemed so to value.

In the pursuit of this great objective, the Apaches didn't have time to build permanent abodes, but lived in skin-covered *teepees.* But at least once a year, they assembled at their most remarkable stronghold, capable of housing in its many caves large numbers of braves. Powwows at Sombrero Butte were for the purpose of extolling their skill and daring, passing along ways and means of accomplishing their worthy ends.

In this interesting, flat-topped mountain, it is not unusual to uncover in the dust-covered floors of the caves ancient coarse grass beds on which these hardy fighters rested. Also to be found are corn-cobs, black walnuts, bows and arrows, and the charred coals of their camp-fires, long gone out, but just as sacred to them then as are our home-fires to us today.

Where for centuries Indian sentinels kept lonely vigils in these caves, tradition has it that within is hidden the gold of many a daring raid on California miners during the days of '49. It is said that one haul amounted to thirty burro-loads. And numerous are the treasure-hunters who have tried their luck at finding it—without success, possibly because the entrances of most of the caves have become overgrown with vines.

It would be befitting for the Smithsonian Institution to delve into the secrets of Sombrero Mountain. And should they find the gold, what would be more fitting tribute to the valiant losing fight of the Apache Indians than that Sombrero Butte be made into a National Monument to the fidelity with which these Apaches maintained their instinct?
Sombrero Butte, Arizona. JOHN H. PEARCE.

Richest Indians

Sir:—In THE LITERARY DIGEST of December 12, under the heading, "Richest Indians," appears this paragraph:

"In 1874, General Custer discovered gold in the Black Hills, which the white man had thought valueless and had given to the Osages as a reservation."

No white man ever gave the Black Hills to an Indian nation. They were not the white man's to give. By the solemn treaty of 1868 with the Sioux (or Osages), the Government, after long and devastating war with these Indians, admitted that the Black Hills was a part of the dominion of the Sioux. By solemn treaty and covenant, the Government confirmed them in its possession forever.

This treaty was promptly broken; the result was the Sioux War of Defense, the defeat and death of Custer.
Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. R. A. MICKLE.

"Give," alas, in all too many human relationships, means "permit you to keep that which is yours."—*Editor.*

Another Country Heard From

Sir:—In your article on travel abroad appearing in your issue of December 19, you omit the name of the Dominican Republic from those countries which, facilitating things for the American traveler, do not require passports.

Reciprocal practise between the United States and Dominican Republic makes both passports and visés unnecessary to the citizens of either in traveling between our countries.
New York. DR. RAFAEL ESPAILLAT DE LA MOTA, Consul General.

Sir:—The Winter Travel Number was the best issued to date. I'd like to see one paragraph modified, however.

Altho we do not issue the passport, all arrangements are made in the travel office—applications, birth certificates, money orders. In fact, all that is necessary so far as the client is concerned is his appearance at the Clerk of Court's office, and we take the client there.
FRANCIS J. CONNOR.
Fall River, Massachusetts.

All that is required of the client, in short, is the wherewithal.—*Editor.*

Bus Travel

Sir:—I was much interested and also disappointed in THE LITERARY DIGEST, December 19 issue, annual Winter Travel Number. While you did your usual good job in outlining places to go and making suggestions for travelers, you write under "Wheels" exclusively about railroads. This in spite of the fact that buses also have wheels—very nice ones with big balloon tires on them which can travel to far more interesting places than rails can possibly hope to penetrate.

The railroads get a nice boost in this issue. Yet there are excellent reasons why buses should get a break:

Intercity (long-distance) bus-lines carried more passengers than railroads during the past calendar year. In fact, they carried nearly two hundred million more passengers than the rails. Many millions of these passengers were traveling to enjoy themselves and see the country—the very reason brought out so forcibly in your travel issue.

What in the world can your editorial department be thinking about when they leave the most popular method of transportation out of their pages of a travel issue?
Cleveland. T. R. MCCABE.

"HAVEN'T YOU ONE THAT JUST SMIRKS?"

—New York Woman

Bus-lines indeed offer A No. 1 transportation anywhere on this Continent, have done just that for the past decade; and every travel-wise North American knows it, too. In its winter travel number, THE LITERARY DIGEST sought to give current news of transportation. Under "Wheels," the nod went to the railroads, which, after telling the traveling public to "take it or leave it" for half a century, have begun to wake up, largely because bus-lines have flung a network of swift, safe transportation all over North America.—*Editor.*

Jewels

Sir:—I enjoyed reading your article on jewelry in the December 12 issue of THE LITERARY DIGEST. You couldn't have picked a finer firm to write about than J. R. Wood & Sons, Inc., and you certainly took advantage of your opportunity to present the methods of craftsmanship in making rings.
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. A. L. HUBER.

Add "Odd"

Sir:—It's odd how you "add" facts in your "Slips That Pass in the Type." In fact, I found the following in your edition of December 17, 1936:

As a tag-line to one "Slip" you printed: "Add facts we never knew 'til now."

Yes, it is *odd* how you can make slips in the column devoted to them!
Marion, Iowa. J. L. PAPES, Publisher, *The Marion Sentinel.*

"Add" was intended, not "odd" as suggested by Mr. Papes, Publisher. As any newspaper man should know, an "add" is a subsequent "take" on any story coming intermittently over a press association teletype or from the newspaper's own editorial staff.—*Editor.*

Did You Know—

That many Americans have two sets of glass eyes—one for day wear and one for evening? **(See page 37.)**

That a Metropolitan Opera soprano got an American Pullman berth for Christmas, will sleep in it in her Vienna home? **(See page 24.)**

That Gene Tunney's foot-work is "terrible"? **(See page 21.)**

That 5 per cent. of all golfers are left-handed? **(See page 20.)**

That one State is this year issuing permanent auto license plates? **(See page 30.)**

That thousands of Americans will not cook meat in a vessel which has had milk in it? **(See page 28.)**

That Peiping, China, drew the all-time largest basketball crowd? **(See page 32.)**

That cyanid is the most popular poison for suicides in America? **(See page 34.)**

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BETWEEN the LINES

An Inspiration,—And A Consummate Editorial Job

Into every article in THE LITERARY DIGEST goes a tremendous amount of source material, cables, books, periodicals, papers from all over the world, and the writer's own knowledge of his subject. But once in a while events conspire to supplement even these inclusive sources.

A few weeks ago the foreign editor conferred with his department, and the matter of a Sikh temple in Amritzar, India, was raised.

"It sounds good," said the editor. "It's colorful and exotic, but we may not have time to get enough background. Let's see what we can do with it though."

Accordingly a researcher was dispatched to the Public Library to obtain all the information, color, statistics, etc., old and new, which were not available in the DIGEST'S own reference files.

A few hours later the researcher returned, slightly out of breath, and hurried to the busy editor's desk.

"I gotta Sikh!" he panted.

"Well, that's too bad," said the editor concernedly, "wouldn't you like to . . . you've got a WHAT?"

"I've got a Sikh," was the answer. "I was in the library with a stack of books a mile high on Sikh history and religion and this fellow came over to me and said, 'I see you are interested in my people, perhaps I may be of some assistance?' So I found out that he really is a Sikh and he's over here studying for a degree. So," the researcher drew a triumphant breath, "I brought him down here."

"Well, there's nothing like going directly to the source," said the editor, "let's see what he has to say."

The young Indian was indeed a mine of information. He had been educated in an American university and after a brief visit to his homeland had returned to take a master's degree. He was well versed in the customs and religious observances of his people and was motivated by a desire to see them correctly represented. To the editor he also brought a personal viewpoint of the ceremonies in the Golden Temple at Amritzar.

So to an interesting and well researched story (See Dec. 12th *Digest*) was added a new splash of color and authenticity which adds one more laurel to the *Digest's* reputation for presenting the fascinating and the unusual as well as the news.

The Spice of Life

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Oop!—"Let me off at the next stop, conductor, I thought this was a lunch-wagon."—*Boys' Life.*

Solicitous—FIRST ACTOR: "I can't get into my shoes."

SECOND ACTOR: "What! Feet swelled, too?"—*Boston Transcript.*

Reason—HUSBAND: "I sure miss the old cuspidor."

WIFE: "You missed it before, that's why it's gone."—*Boston Transcript.*

Wrong Number—IRATE SUBSCRIBER TO OPERATOR: "Am I crazy or are you?"

OPERATOR: "I am sorry, but we do not have that information."—*Jersey Bell.*

Independence—WIFEY: "Oh, Bill, baby can walk."

HUBBY: "That's fine. Now he can walk up and down at night by himself."—*Sheboygan (Wis.) Press.*

Solid Comfort—"I shall put you fellows in this room," said the host; "you'll have a comfortable night, for it has a feather-bed."

At two o'clock in the morning one of the guests awoke his companion.

"Change places with me, Dick," he groaned, "it's my time to be on the feather."—*Annapolis Log.*

Speed—A man told a friend that he was running for an undertaker, as his wife was seriously ill.

"But," remonstrated the friend, "it's no' an undertaker you want; it's a doctor."

"Na, na," was the reply. "I canna afford to deal wi' middlemen."—*The Weekly (Auckland, N. Z.) News.*

Great Oaks . . .—A colored lad killed a man. . . . "Don't tell me," the irate judge scowled, "that you killed a man for the paltry sum of three dollars." . . . The lad merely shrugged his shoulders and replied, "You-all don't see, jedge . . . but three bucks here and three bucks there, they all add up!"—*New York Evening Journal.*

WHAT'S THE NAME, PLEASE?

Abravanel—conductor, Metropolitan Opera—stress final syllable: *ab-rav-a-nell'.*

Bentonelli — operatic tenor — sound each *l: ben-to-nel'lee.*

Bonelli — operatic barytone — again sound each *l: bo-nel'lee.*

Carron—operatic tenor—he says it is *cah'ron.*

Hageman — conductor, Metropolitan —has yielded to *hay'ge-man,* but will answer to *hah'gay-mahn.*

Laufkoetter — operatic tenor — he gives it *lahf'cutter.*

Giovanni Martinelli—operatic tenor—separate *n's* and *l's: jo-vahn'nee mahr'te-nel-lee.*

Ormandy — conductor, Philadelphia Orchestra—rimes with *organdie: or'man-dy.*

Weigert—conductor, Metropolitan—calls it *vy'gert.*

Of Course—PROFESSOR: "I forgot my umbrella this morning."

KING ARTHUR: "How did you remember you forgot it?"

PROFESSOR: "Well, I missed it when I raised my hand to close it after it had stopped raining."—*Boston Transcript.*

Obliging—A Los Angeles patrolman had brought in a Negro woman somewhat the worse for wear, and the desk sergeant, with his very best scowl, roared:

"Liza, you've been brought in for intoxication!"

"Dat's fine!" beamed Liza. "Boy, you can start right now!"—*The Bee-Hive (East Hartford, Conn.).*

Ham and—A man walked into the grocery store. "I want all the rotten eggs you have," he demanded.

"What do you want with stale eggs?" asked the clerk. "Are you going to see the new comedian at the theater to-night?"

"Sh-sh-sh," hissed the buyer nervously, "I am the new comedian."—*Catholic News (New York City).*

Slips That Pass in Type

Queen Elizabeth, kept from Saturday's ceremony of accession of her husband-monarch by idleness, arose from bed Monday.—*Denver (Colo.) paper.*

Well, she'll be busy now.

"Ever since I was Prince of Wales and later on when I occupied the thorne I have been treated with the greatest kindness by all classes of the people."—*San Antonio (Tex.) paper.*

Bed of roses?

King George and Queen Elizabeth, the Queen bother, Mary, and the royal princesses watched the proclamation pageant.—*New York paper.*

Long live the royal annoyance!

You have read much of her triumphs as the king's horses at Fort Belvedere.—*Los Angeles (Calif.) paper.*

As a matter of fact, this is the first we'd heard of it.

The first evidence that the vivacious American woman was enjoying royal protection was disclosed to-day when she visited a fashionable Dover Street heirdresser's.—*Brooklyn (N.Y.) paper.*

The débutantes' maid-in-waiting?

A year hence the man who is now Edward VIII may walk along Piccadilly and freely mix with his present subjects without receiving any more attention than any other distinguished member of London's divorcified society.—*New York paper.*

For them life's just one merry chase from clergy to judiciary.

Crows stood expectantly around the entrance of the old Ipswich courthouse, eager for a glimpse of the American woman whose name has been linked with that of Great Britain's bachelor monarch.—*Tacoma (Wash.) paper.*

Doubtless there to give her the bird.

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